

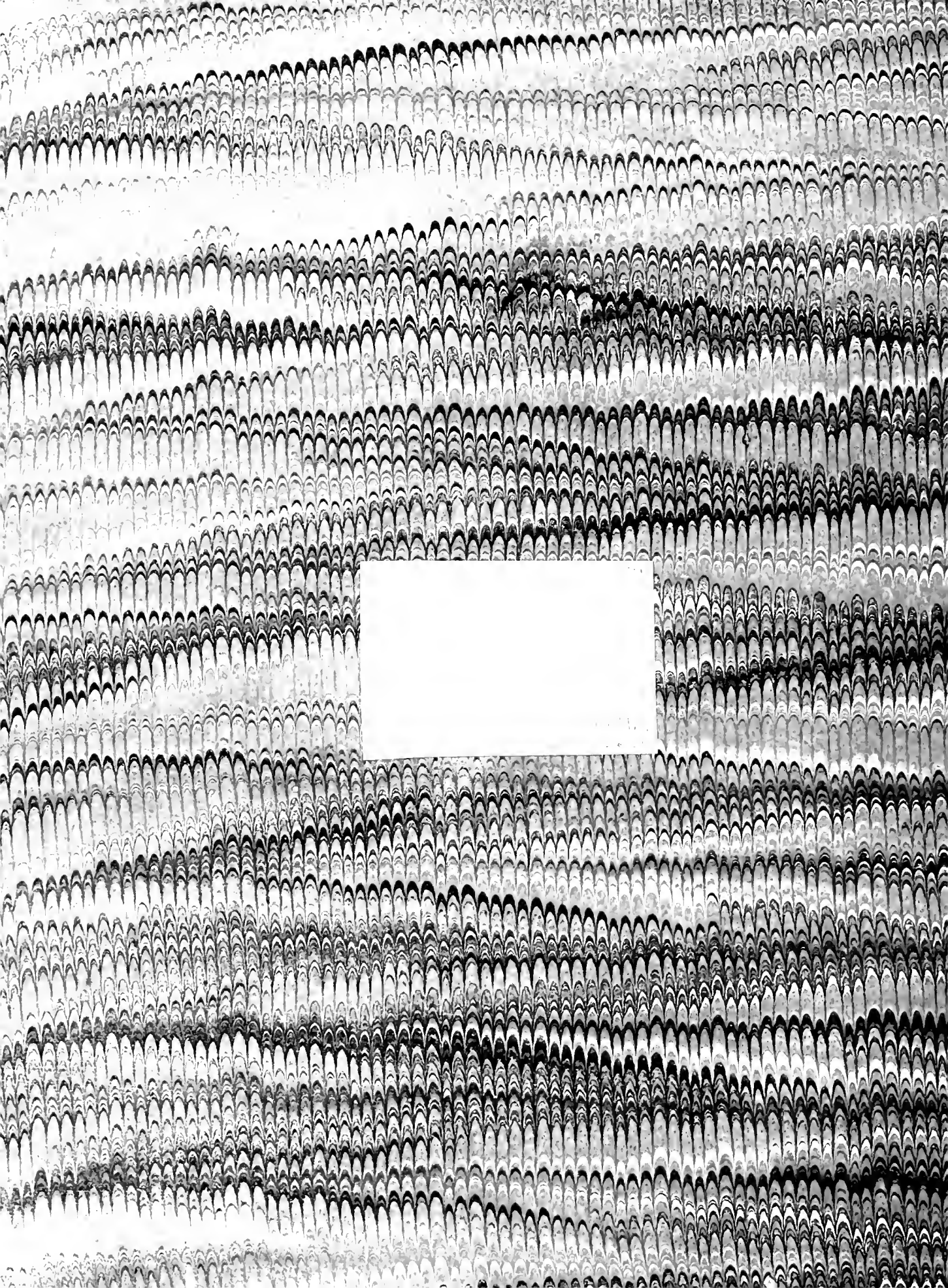


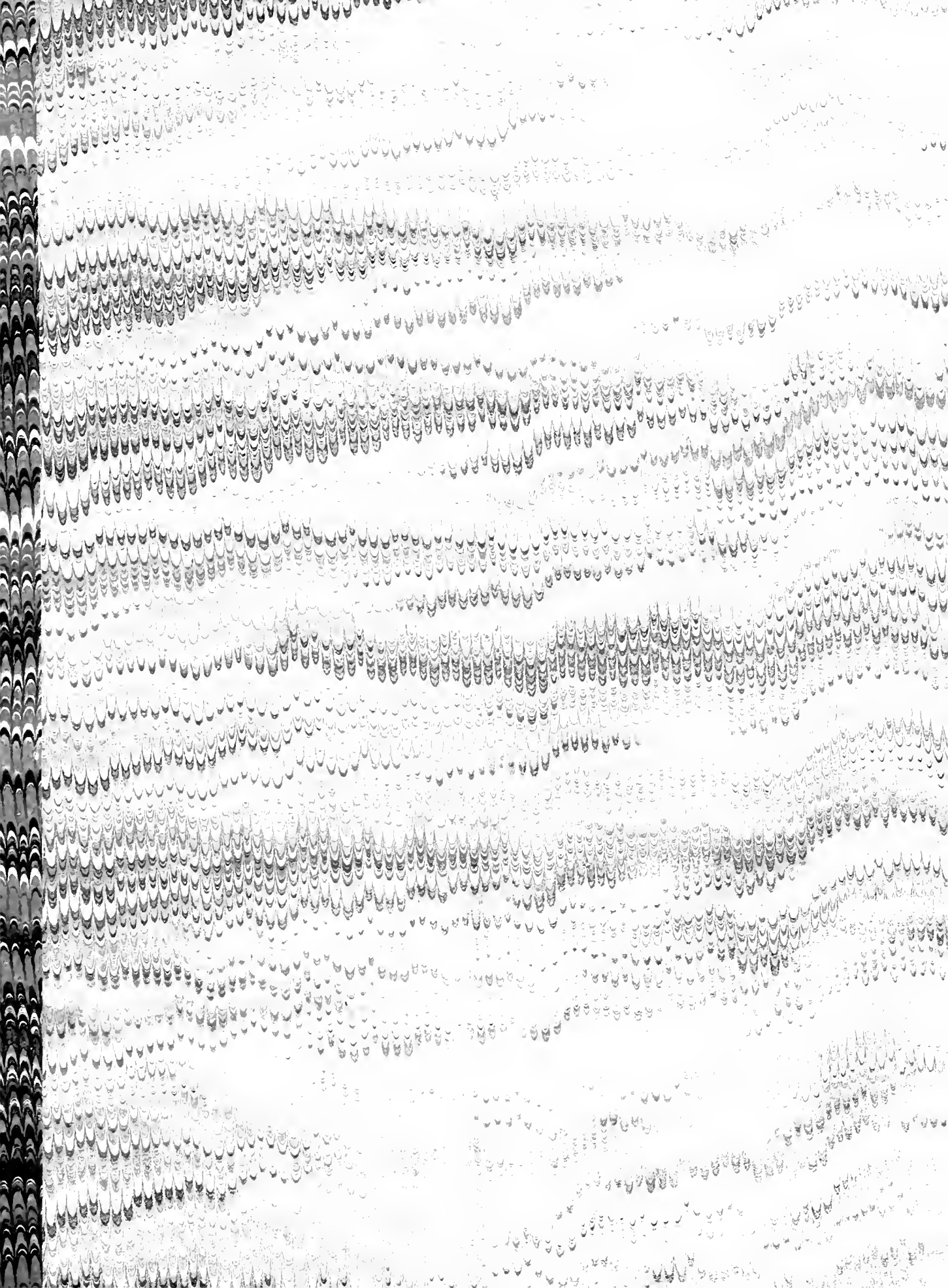
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TO-DAY:

A PAPER PRINTED DURING THE FAIR OF THE

Essex Institute and Oratorio Society,

AT

SALEM, MASS.,

68523

From October 31st to November 4th,

1870.

F72

E7T6

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THE FAIR.

THE ESSEX INSTITUTE at its Annual Meeting in May, organized a department of "The Fine Arts." An act amendatory to the Act of Incorporation, having been passed by the Legislature in February and accepted at a meeting duly called for the purpose, authorized the same.

In order to place this department in good condition, when it should be organized, several plans were proposed during the previous winter to raise the necessary funds, among others a Fair was suggested, which met with much favor among many friends of the Institute.

THE SALEM ORATORIO SOCIETY being desirous to procure a Grand Piano for its rehearsals and other performances, contemplated a similar plan for obtaining the requisite means. To take some definite action on this subject a meeting of the ladies of the Society was held in Plummer Hall, on Friday evening, July 15. At this meeting it was decided to hold a Fair in Mechanic Hall when the same shall be ready for occupancy. The proposed Institute Fair was mentioned and a proposition made for holding a joint fair, the objects of the two being similar in many respects. The meeting adjourned to the following Thursday, July 21, when it was voted to unite with the Essex Institute and to divide the proceeds equally.

A committee was appointed consisting of Mrs. J. O. Safford, Mrs. W. W. Goodhue, Mrs. J. F. Dane, Mrs. D. Upton, Mrs. B. Brown, Misses Sophia Wheeler and E. W. Silsbee, to confer with a committee of ladies representing the Essex Institute, and with full powers to make all necessary arrangements.

The committee of the Institute consisted of Mrs. E. D. Kimball, Mrs. D. B. Hagar, Misses Martha G. Wheatland, H. M. King, and M. O. Hodges.

These committees acting jointly together after several meetings, effected the following organization:

President,—Mrs. Edward D. Kimball; *Vice Presidents*,—Mrs. James O. Safford, Miss Mary O. Hodges; *Secretary*,—Mrs. Daniel Upton; *Treasurer*,—Mrs. W. W. Goodhue.

Committee,—Mrs. D. B. Hagar, Miss Elizabeth W. Silsbee, Miss H. M. King, Mrs. B. Brown, Miss Martha G. Wheatland, Mrs. Joseph F. Dane, Miss Sophia Wheeler.

Board of Advisors,—Henry Wheatland, Francis H. Lee, William Northey, D. B. Hagar, James Kimball, Daniel Upton, R. S. Rantoul, George M. Whipple, E. C. Cheever.

MANAGERS

Table No. 1,—Mrs. E. D. Kimball, Mrs. James O. Safford, Misses M. O. Hodges, E. W. Silsbee.

Table No. 2,—Mrs. D. B. Hagar, Mrs. F. C. Butman, Mrs. W. W. Goodhue, Mrs. Charles E. Fabens.

Table No. 3 (Beverly),—Mrs. E. Burley, Mrs. B. Brown.

Table No. 4,—Misses Harriet M. King, Elizabeth Wheatland, Ellen Brown.

Table No. 5,—Mrs. D. H. Johnson, Miss Abbie Peirson.

Table No. 6 (Peabody),—Mrs. B. C. Perkins, Miss Sophia Wheeler.

Table No. 7,—Mrs. J. F. Dane, Mrs. W. Northey, Mrs. D. Upton, Miss Martha G. Wheatland.

Refreshment Table,—Mrs. W. Archer, Miss Augusta Robinson.

Flower Table,—Mrs. E. Putnam, Miss Carrie W. Austin.

Art Gallery,—Misses E. S. Merritt, Lucy B. Willson, J. R. Simonds.

Antique Kitchen,—Mrs. Nathan Foster of Beverly, Miss S. M. Spiller.

In addition to the above several ladies were assigned to the different tables as assistants and their valuable services were very essential and duly appreciated.

Managers of the Hop,—B. H. Fabens, B. A. West, R. Osgood, James O. Safford, W. A. Frye, John M. Hagar, G. M. Whipple, and George Perkins.

Editors of the Paper,—Robert S. Rantoul, Jas. A. Gillis.

PROGRAMME.

The Fair opened for the sale of useful and ornamental articles, on Monday evening at 6 o'clock, and closed at 10 o'clock.

Tuesday morning opened at 11 o'clock, and continued through the day, with instrumental music during the evening and an "Old Folks' Concert" in the "Antique Kitchen."

Wednesday morning opened at the same hour, and continued during the afternoon, with vocal music in the evening, consisting of part-songs by a chorus of sixty male voices from the Oratorio Society.

Thursday the Fair opened in the morning at 11 o'clock, and closed at 1 p.m.

Thursday Evening, Nov. 3, 1870. Grand hop, commencing at 8 o'clock, p.m.

The Fair is now closed and the managers take this occasion to express their thanks to those who have aided them in money, materials, and above all in personal attentions previous to the opening and during its continuance.

To the Press they are under very great obligations for the many kind notices that have appeared in their columns, not only in those of this city (the Register, Gazette, and Observer), but in several of those of the metropolis, as the Daily Advertiser, Post, Transcript and the Traveller; the last named paper has given several very extended notices in its issues during the Fair.

The managers are fortunate in being the first occupants of the Hall since its enlargement and reconstruction. The convenience of the Hall in its several appointments, and the beautiful and appropriate decorations added much to the comfort of the managers and assistants and to the general interest of the occasion.

PRINTED FOR
THE INSTITUTE
AND
ORATORIO
FAIR,
AT
SALEM.

T O - D A Y .

FOR SALE AT
THE FAIR,
AT
LORING'S in Boston,
BY
BOOKSELLERS
AND ON
THE CARS.

No. 1.

SALEM, OCTOBER 31, 1870.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

CONTRIBUTIONS

ARE ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS FROM

COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.	Mrs. JARED SPARKS.
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FITCH POOLE.	MISS HARRIET E. LUNN
REV. A. P. PEABODY, D.D.	REV. JONIS VERY.
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REV. CHAS. T. BROOKS.	MISS L. L. A. VERY.
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MISS C. R. DERBY.	CHAS. W. PALFRAY.
REV. AUGUSTUS WOODBURY.	MR. CHARLES LOWE.

and others, whose names are, at their request, withheld

PEGGY BLIGH'S VOYAGE.

You can ride in an hour or two, if you will,
From Halibut Point to Beacon Hill,
With the sea beside you all the way,
Through the pleasant places that skirt the Bay;
By Gloucester Harbor and Beverly Beach,
Salem Witch-haunted, Nahant's long reach,
Blue-bordered Swamp-cott, and Chel-sea's wide
Marshes, hid bare to the drenching tide,
With a glimpse of Saugus spire in the west,
And Malden hills wrapped in hazy rest.

All this you watch idly, and more by far,
From the cushioned seat of a railway-car
But in days of witchcraft it was not so;
City-bound travellers had to go
Horseback over a blind, rough road,
Or as part of a jolting wagon-load
Of garden-produce and household goods,
Crossing the fords, half-lost in the woods,
By wolves and red-skins frightened all day,
And the roar of lions, some hi-tories say,
If a craft for Boston were setting sail,
Very few of a passage would fail
Who had trading to do in the three-hilled town;
For they *might* return ere the sun was down.

So, one breezy mid-summer dawn,
Skipper Nash, of the schooner Fawn
Sails away with a crowded deck.—
One of his passengers cranes her neck
Out of her scarlet cloak.—an eye
Like a smouldering coal had Peggy Bligh.—
And looks at her townsmen, looks at the sea,
At the crew and the skipper; what can it be
That hinders their flinging her bold glance back?
Many a goodwife hath eye as black,
And a cloak as scarlet. Ay, but she,
Nobody covets her company.
Nobody meets that strange eye of hers
But a nameless terror within him stirs;
Was the glance for him or his neighbor? which?
'Tis an evil eye,—it will curse and bewitch.

Afraid to be silent, afraid to speak,
The crew and the skipper, with half-oaths weak
Looked up dismayed when aboard she came;

And the voyagers whispered around her name,
And gazed askance, as apart she stood,
Eying them, under her scarlet hood.

A fair wind wafted them down the Bay;
Ere noon, by the Boston wharves they lay.
"We shall sail at three!" the skipper cried;
Save Peggy, each was aware that he lied,
For from lip to ear had been passed a word
Which only speaker and listener heard;—
That he meant to give the old witch the slip
By an hour or so, on the homeward trip.

Errand— all finished, and anchor weighed
Out of the harbor her way she made,—
The schooner Fawn. But who hasteneth
Down to the water-side, out of breath,—
Angrily stamps with her high-heeled shoe,—
Audibly curses the skipper and crew,
Flutters her cloak, and flames with her eye?—
Who but the witch-woman, old Peg Bligh?

"We'll give her the go-by!" says skipper Nash,
And laughs at his schooner's scurry and dash;
But here and there one muttered, "He's rash?"
"As good right has Peggy," said one or two,
"To a homeward passage as I or you;
"For what has the poor old beldam done
"That any man could lay finger on,
"Save living alone in a tumble down hut,
"And speaking her mind when she chose to? But —"
A monstrous gull bore down on the blast;
Once it poised on the schooner's mast;
Once it flapped in the skipper's face;
Scarcely it veered for a moment's space
From the prow's white track in the seething brine;
Its sharp eye gleamed with a steel-cold shine,
And one of the sailors avowed that he saw
A red strip dangle from beak and claw
And all the voyagers stared with fear
To see the wild creature a-swoop so near.

They had hove in sight of Salem town
When a fog came up, and the breeze went down;
They could almost hear the farm-folk speak,
And smell the magnolias at Jeffrey's Creek;
Abreast of the Half-way Rock once more,
With the Misery Islands just off shore,
The gull gave a shriek, and flew out of sight,
And — there they lay in the fog all night.

They daved not stir until morn was red,
And the sky showed a blue streak overhead.
Then glad on the clear wave sped the Fawn
Homeward again through a breezy dawn,
And the skipper shouted, "The vessel arrives
In season for breakfast with your wives!"

But some one else has arrived before,
Who is that, by the hut on the shore,
Milking her cow with indifferent mien,
As if no schooner were yet to be seen?
By the side-glance out of her small black eye,
It must be — surely it is — Peg Bligh!

How she got there no mortal could tell,
But crew and passengers knew right well
That she had not set foot upon deck or hull,
"Nor the mast?" About that you might ask the gull.

Well, the story goes on to say
That skipper Nash always rued the day
When he left old Peg on the wharf behind,
With her shrill cry drifting along the wind.
For he lost his schooner, his children died,
And his wife; and his cattle and sheep beside
And his old age found him alone, forlorn,
Wishing, no doubt, he had never been born.

What Peggy Bligh had to do with his case
Can scarcely be shown, at this day and place.
Had his fate been the consequence of her curse,
As the neighbors thought, he had fared no worse.
But this moral 's a good one for all to mind:—
His own heart is the curse of a man unkind.

T O - D A Y

Our paper is offered to the public, and a word is due to those kindly souls who take it in and vouchsafe to it a sympathetic reception. That word shall be said, for it craves all your kindness and charity.

It is devoted to the Fair. When we have said this we have said all. Indeed we tremble at saying so much. For this word "fair" is a much abused and long suffering word, and, ten to one, we shall be suspected of some hidden meaning. We may as well announce, therefore, at the outset, that no liberty with the word will be permitted in these columns. It will be idle to write us asking if a Raffle is a fair proceeding,—whether it does not savor too much of the Faro-table,—or beginning with "How fares it with you?", or closing with "farewell" in italics, or to say that Faraday could not have asked for pleasanter weather,—or that this paper should have been called "The Pharisee,"—or that the ladies at such a table recall to the writer's mind an old song beginning "Those Fairy Bellies,"—or that the fascinating being who was named head of such and such a committee is really ahead of all the fair,—or that the ices sold in the refreshment room are not wholly farinaceous,—or complaining that pay was asked for one, when you thought you had paid your fare at the door,—or to say that you let fall the galleism, "*laissez faire*" within ear-shot of a certain young person who instantly became all smiles and blushes under the impression that you intended a compliment. All such far-fetched joking is mere farrago. We can have none of it. We have no room for fanfaronnade. We may go farther and fare worse, but we cannot and will not notice such communications.

No! our hope is to make as good an exhibit, in four or five daily issues of this little paper, of the skill and taste of the county in the use of the pen, as yonder tables do of skill and taste with the needle. Succeeding in this we shall make of it a kind of sampler, or patchwork of the wit and wisdom of old Essex. It will present every variety of material, and all shades of color, from grave to gay—from lively to severe.

We speak with a diffidence, characteristic of the press, of our anticipations of success. But we should wrong ourselves, through an unbecoming bashfulness, if we did not say that we have secured, at great cost, the services of the Champion Clippist of America, who will conduct the piratical department of this journal without interference. He will neither give credit nor take any. His motto will be, "If any man attempts to say a good thing, clip him

on the spot." If we dared be merry on so grave a topic we might hope that this enterprising gentleman would pick up the mantle of the late Emperor of France and give a new start to the business of Scissorism.

Besides the regular daily issues of this sheet, which will be for sale at the Fair, and at Loring's two Book-stores in Boston every morning, and on the cars, we shall offer for sale a somewhat amusing account of the early discovery of Salem. In this *morcean* illustrations will not be wanting to delight the eye, instruct the understanding, and gave an upward turn to the corners of the mouth. For those silly wits to whom nothing is laughable but silhouettes, silhouettes are provided. There are other blockheads so wooden that they can only be reached with cuts, and wood-cuts they shall have.

Such, briefly, is our little enterprise in its length, breadth and entirety. We wish everybody well. We hope everybody will smile on us and be pleased to see us. We print above a list of contemporary writers, who will no doubt be chiefly known hereafter, as contributors to this sheet. We thank them for their favors, one and all, and hope this enduring fame (it is all we have to offer) may be a solace and a compensation. Against their names embalmed in our pages, the antiquary of the future, delving into the musty rubbish of a long forgotten epoch, will gladly write this sufficient record:

FLOURISHED

TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY
AND WROTE FOR TODAY.

BITTER-SWEET ROCKS.

THERE is no spot so lonely, rough, and wild,
But Nature doth, with careful fingers deck
With flowers, or vines, or ferns, or soft green moss,
To give to those, who to such haunts may stray,
A sweet surprise, a pleasure all their own.
To such a spot, an unfrequented dell,
When Autumn comes, some warm October day,
I love to wander, and in silence muse.
O'er rocky hills, where cattle roam and feed,
Cropping the meadows and the pastures green.
My way I take; pausing at times to view
The city's spires, or ocean's blue expanse;
Then down the narrow glen, shady and still,
Save when some startled bird has taken to flight,
Or cricket's song amid the grass is heard.
Here from the cliff above vast rocks have fallen,
Thrown down by some convulsion, or by frost:
And at its base are in confusion heaped,
But not neglected doth this ruin lie,
For here a beautiful show hath Nature wrought
For those, who to this lonely spot have come.
Among these broken rocks the bitter-sweet
Has taken root, and clasped the fragments round
In close embrace, covering the mossy rocks
With leafy screen; where clustering bunches hang,
Of purest gold. And, sight most beautiful!
As Nature sought yet more to charm the eye:
Up to the very top of a high tree,
Which, rooted, grows amid the fallen crags,
A vine has clomb; and every bough and twig
Is laden with its golden berries ripe,
And from the top in gay festoons they hang,
Giving a wondrous beauty to the place.

OLD SALEM.

NO. I.

A woman who can look back through a large part of the present century, and remember a great many of the distinctive marks of life in Salem in the years preceding 1820, is at least qualified, by right of seniority, to talk about "the good old times." And they were emphatically good old times; times of respectability, of comfort, of honest toil and elegant leisure, of steady thrift, of modest charities. Moderate times they were—knowing little excess, admitting of no extraordinary action, but so pleasant, so genial, so real, that I would fain describe to the young folks of nowadays, the ancestry which gave a certain significance to Salem, the occupations of their industrious, methodical lives, the distinguished characters who made their native town a noted little place, and the numerous oddities who added a flavor, like pickles, to the daily food of life, some fifty years ago.

Where shall I begin? "Begin at the beginning and tell all about it," as the grand-children say to the beloved grandmothers, when they are begging for a story? Well then, so I will, and let me assure you that it will be all true, and even if you think that one half is not worth describing, be certain that it has all been, and all happened in some nook or corner, and to some people in this snug town before it grew up to be a city. I think that somehow my brain must be brimful of small photographs, such vivid little pictures shine out to me when I am sitting alone and thinking, as elderly people do, of the times when there was no brown or black under the sun,—nothing but rose color; when such lovely rainbows came on the drops shed by childish eyes, that a small sorrow only made the joy that came next to it greater by contrast, and although the ministers insisted on preaching about snares and trials, and professors of religion *would* groan about "a Vale," we were firm in the conviction that we should always emerge in triumph from the one, and tread on flowers in our journey through the other. Happy were the little feet that walked in Salem half a century ago—free to wander up and down the shady streets—out in the green lanes and over the rocky pastures—blessed were the young lives so hedged in by watchful love, doubtless in somewhat narrow enclosures, but with small necessity for straying beyond them. And who shall say if the existence apportioned to the elders, so equivoiced in every day pleasure and duty, was not held as worthy of acceptance in the judgment Halls above, as the more brilliant and spasmodic work of the present era? The "day of small things" was comparatively guiltless of omission, for every piece of work could be done when there was not too much to do. If there were not then self-sacrificing mortals, ready to devote three-quarters of their working hours to taking charge of all members of the human family who did not belong to their division of it, reserving one quarter for visits, dress, and the suffering households, why, it can be said in extenuation of their short comings, that there were not then so many poor folks or naughty folks in the community, and with some aid and a little scolding they managed to take care of themselves. Dear old Salem! you were lovely and pleasant in a quiet dignity, the men going to town meet-

ings with punctuality amounting to a virtue,—that was their duty,—ranging themselves in front of the Insurance offices on Essex street, from 12 M., to 1 o'clock, P. M., to pass criticisms on the ladies, who, in the abounding beauty of the period flitted up and down before admiring eyes—that was their pleasure. Now and then some uncivil old gentleman, after steadily staring his hour, would insinuate that the pretty girls walked that way "to be seen of men." And what if they did—but they didn't, and if they did they had right on their side—it was not to be expected that they should retreat to the back streets because the Lords of Creation chose to dominate over the main thoroughfare. The busy merchants drove over the turnpike to Boston, as often as their affairs required the journey, or took places in Manning's Stage Coaches, if they preferred to make the pilgrimage with a crowd, rather than in the solitude of their own chaises. The lawyers set people by the ears, or helped them out of their dilemmas, in the dingy offices of Court street; the "Store keepers" were courteous gentlemen behind their counters; the physicians brought skill and science to alleviate the ills to which humanity is subject; and the clergymen did their allotted work in a conscientious spirit of devotion. Women limited themselves mostly to Mrs. Adeline Whitney's mass meetings of two; and let me tell you that two clear headed and warm hearted women are not to be set aside, even by legions. I think that their peculiar mission was the making a sunshine in the shady places of the house. Always on hand, always occupied in the right hours, they could assist in the kitchen, and dust delicately in the parlor, and best of all, they knew how to direct as well as to act. So when the household duties were done they were ready to take their seat by the fire side, with a basket of work on the pretty work table, a book—perhaps the last Scott's novel, perhaps a number of the *Edinboro' Review*—laying in close neighborhood, and I do not believe that there was a pleasanter sight in the world, than a Salem mistress of a family, through the afternoon and evening. The old homes! how many hallowed memories cluster around these words. A home was a home then—a place to be born in, to live in, and to die in, and if fate so ordained, to be married from. And a day was a day then, beginning at six o'clock in a summer morning and at half past seven in winter, and usually ending at ten, at which time the sober household was ready for the night's rest. But as I am not romancing, only describing, I must confess that vast discomforts were borne with stoicism because they were inevitable. All through the long severe winter we were cold, as a matter of course, excepting the side next to the glowing wood fire, and that was scorched; the entry and sleeping rooms were probably at freezing point; ice in the water pitchers; unmelting frost on the windows. But the roaring fires were built up in the spacious cavities with back log, back stick and fore stick, split wood and cat stick, chips for kindling, and big bellows to blow the flame, and who cared for cold? How many brass andirons are left in the world; how many have been sold for old metal? Gladly would I recover a pair in which a certain round face was subjected to every possible contortion; they were sacrificed on the altar of mammon. If I could but buy them back! In these far off days, punctuality headed

the list of domestic virtues; establishments were not large, two or three at the utmost, constituting the forces. We kept Helps then (sometimes they were hindrances), addicted to occasional sauciness, especially if they were good, and nobody in the parlor would have been bold enough to interfere materially in the woman's rights of the kitchen. Still, genuine yankee help was an admirable institution, and when it was judiciously managed it gave large returns of love and service. The family all met at the breakfast table in winter, at eight o'clock, and very cosy and appetizing was the morning meal. As there were no nerves then, coffee was a licensed drink; as dyspepsia was an unacknowledged sin, hot bread, in shape of bread-cakes (now biscuits), or griddle cakes of flour and rye, or Indian Johnny-cake, smoking from its board; or drop cakes baked on the brick floor of the oven, while the few who did not choose slow poison indulged in spread, or dip toast. Not all this at once—take your choice. Milk and honey flowed for the children, and to this day I never see a bee, without thinking of the grocery store round Buflum's corner, from which the up-town supplies were obtained. Breakfast over, the next duty was to fit ourselves for the outer world. Long tippets, knit mittens, carpet moccasins, woolen overcoats, and wadded hoods for the girls, with a difference for the boys of greased boots, ugly beaver hats, or knit caps shaped like a pudding bag. Then came the fun of sliding in the wide gutters all the way to school (there was a splendid one in front of Miss Becky Cabot's fine old house), or wading through deep snow banks which buried us up to our heads; but only the boys were allowed to drag sleds, and the sole girl of the period who dared do it, was called tom-boy, by way of showing the superior good manners of the numerous critics.

At one o'clock dinner was eaten hind part before, first the pudding, then the meat, and as the children were obliged to be in the school-room again at two, there was no time for dessert, and the fruit was disposed of at odd seasons. At six the pleasant tea, or supper as it was usually called, was spread, and when the "second girl" had cleared the table, a happy group quickly surrounded it, while books, work, games, slate and pencils, with a dish of rosy apples, furnished the occupation of the evening. The light of other days did not shine on distant corners; two handsome plated lamps glimmer in memory until a few years later they were displaced by an Astral. And the winter day of Salem was over. In the next paper I shall speak of the amusements, social pleasures and large parties, and even if my readers find some cause for wonder in the contrast of past and present, I hope they will agree with me that I am telling stories about the good old times.

M. C. D. S.

PATERFAMILIAS LOQUITUR.

ERITHMIA wears the fairest hair,
And every lock, I know, is golden;
For eagles oft have taken her to prey;
To keep the expensive jewel from decay.

Erithmia's locks are false as fair;
They're mine by purchase,—hers by art;
And when she buys again, I swear,
That I, not she, shall be the chooser!

REMINISCENCES OF A PRIVATEERSMAN.

NUMBER ONE.

The Cruises of the Diomedé; from the M.S. autobiography of the late David A. Neal.

COMMUNICATED BY THEODORE A. NEAL.

[PRELIMINARY NOTE. Mr. Neal, at the breaking out of the war of 1812, was nineteen years of age, and had made a voyage to Calcutta as Captain's Clerk, and another to the Mediterranean as Supercargo. Having declined a Lieutenantcy in the United States Engineer Corps, he cast about for a congenial occupation. The sequel may be told in his own words.—T. A. S.]

IN privateering there was something attractive in its adventurousness, its liberty of plan and action, and the comparative freedom from the rigid discipline of national ships. But it was not in every private armed ship, nor under every commander, that I was disposed to enlist. I was urged to take the berth of Master's Mate in the America, the best privateer that was fitted out of Salem; but it was one with the duties of which I was not at all conversant, and I declined it. My friend James W. Chever took it, and by his energy and courage, after two or three cruises, was raised to the command over a large number of his then superior officers and much older men.

It happened about this time that Mr. John Crowninshield, with whom I was quite intimate, had commenced the building of a vessel in New York, purposely for a Privateer. He was curious in regard to vessels, and thought that he could model one which would sail very fast, and had made a contract with Mr. Burrough, a celebrated shipbuilder in New York, for a schooner of about 160 tons. He decided to take command of her himself, and urged me to go out with him, promising, if possible, to land me in France, and give me there the management of any prizes he might be able to send in, for it was his plan to beard the lion in his den, or in other words to make the coast of England his cruising ground. This exactly coincided with my wishes. It seemed to me it would be glorious fun to make prizes in sight of the enemy's towns, or to run away from his channel fleet. Of course I assumed that we could do either. Then I had a great desire to visit Europe, then the scene of the most stirring events. I therefore accepted his proposition, and took the office of Captain's Clerk, as one which brought me into confidential communication with the Commander. Capt. Crowninshield then wished me to go on to New York and attend to the outfit of the vessel, then on the stocks. I went on in November. The hull of the schooner appeared to be well built, and her model somewhat novel, but well calculated for speed. She was, however, too small to make great headway in very rough weather. It was originally intended that she should carry one long gun on a circle forward, and a number of small ones on carriages. When I saw her, I advised decking over the main hatchway, and putting three circles, mounted with twelve or eighteen pounders, between the masts, and leaving out all but four of the small guns. This plan was adopted. She was fitted in the best manner for seventy-five men and a four months cruise. She was called the Diomedé, after a vessel which Captain Crowninshield had lost by capture. Her officers were, besides Capt. Crowninshield and myself as Clerk, Samuel Briggs, 1st Lieutenant; Richard Downing, 2d Lieutenant; John Dempsey, 3d Lieutenant; Joseph Preston, Sailing Master; Usher Parsons, Surgeon; Joseph Strout, Samuel Upton, George Lafferty, Obed Hussey, Charles Leach and Thomas Cloutman, Prize Masters, and fifty-five men, making sixty-seven persons all told on board. On the 4th of February, 1814, we proceeded to the anchorage at Sandy Hook, and lay there waiting for the absence of British Men-of-War, to give us a chance to get out, till the 9th, when we sailed, and proceeded towards Bermuda.

On the 17th we fell in with a British ten gun brig and outsailed her easily, thus giving us confidence in the sailing qualities of the Diomedé. On the 21st, captured British schooner Lord Ponsonby, cargo, rum, sugar, coffee and cocoa. Put on board Charles Leach, as Prize Master, and

ordered her to the United States. Early in the morning of the 23d heard the report of a gun, and stood in the direction from which it came. At daylight saw a fleet of five vessels. In the course of the day captured the whole of them. They proved to be schooners William, Joseph, Mary, and Margaret, and Brig Friends, all with cargoes of rum, sugar, etc., from St. Thomas, bound to Nova Scotia. Manned them out, putting on board Joseph Strout, Samuel Upton, Jr., George Lafferty, Obed Hussey, and Thomas Cloutman, as Prize Masters, and ordered them to the United States. These vessels had parted with their convoy, H. B. M. Brig Charybdis, the day before their capture, and the gun we heard was from one of them that undertook to act as commodore.

We proceeded on our cruise, but of course quite short handed. On the 26th fell in with a seventy-four, but lost sight of her in the night. On the 27th were chased by a frigate, which having the weather gauge of us, and it blowing a gale, gained upon us until we threw overboard our six pounders, some provisions, spars, boat, shot, wood, etc., after which we left her. At noon, in a heavy squall, we sprung our mainmast in the partners. Next day nothing in sight; fished the mast, and laid our course for the United States, and on the 8th of March, after just one month's cruise, arrived in Salem. It had been short and successful, but I was disappointed that we had not reached Europe, as originally intended, but I hoped for better luck next time. Our prizes arrived safe in different ports of the United States.

The schooner was refitted and we sailed on her second cruise with pretty much the same officers, on the 26th of April, 1814. This time we steered for the Nova Scotia shore. On the 29th, chased a brig into a port just east of Cape Negro, which is between Cape Sable and Shelburn. Scuttled her. Next day recaptured a Spanish brig detained by an English cruiser. May 3d had an exciting chase by a British seventy-four. We were near the land, the wind directly off shore, and the ship outside of us. We of course could not keep our wind, and must cross her bows, taking the outside of a circle, while she was steering on a straight line. After seven hours chase we brought her into our wake, and then soon left her. She gave us two or three bow guns, but their shot fell short. We supposed her to be the "Victorian" Line of Battle Ship. On the 5th we stood into Sydney harbor, in chase of a brig, till we saw a battery on the shore, when we about ship and stood out. Cape North and the Island of St. Paul's in sight, the land covered with snow. On the 8th we ran into a bay and sent a boat ashore for wood and water, which we obtained. On the 11th, off Miquelon Island and surrounded by fishing boats—stood in among the islands in Placentia Bay, off Cape Chapeau Rouge, and into Great St. Lawrence harbor, but finding that the inhabitants were flying from the village, and not wishing to alarm them, hove round and went out. Cruised about in the fog, doing nothing till the 21st, when we captured, after an hour's action, ship Upton, of six guns and fifteen men, with ninety Irish passengers. One man killed and one wounded on board of her. We sustained no injury. In the afternoon took a sealing schooner, and put the passengers and part of the crew of the Upton on board, and released her. Sent the ship, with Henry Jacques as Prize Master, to the United States. 22d, captured ship Mary, with thirty-one hundred barrels of flour and twenty pipes of wine. Put Samuel Upton on board as Prize Master, and ordered her to the United States. Same day was decoyed within musket shot of an English Sloop of War, disguised. He threw shot over us for an hour, without doing us any injury; but we beat him, and finally lost him in the fog. 24th, captured ship Codhook, and sent Obed Hussey in her as Prize Master, to the United States. Also took brig Martha, in ballast, which we gave up. 26th, had an action with a ship, but being short of ammunition, and there being two other vessels in sight, left her and took them, but they were in ballast, and we scuttled them. 27th, captured schooner Traveller, cargo of rum. Put on board William Tucker as Prize Master, and ordered her to the United States. Also took brig Alexander, in

ballast—gave her up. 28th, afternoon, chased by a Brig Sloop of War—smart chop of a sea—she gained on us, but we lost sight of her in the night, after which we lay by. Next morning fell in with her again in a thick fog, close aboard and to windward. Made sail on a wind, in hopes to cross her bows, but she was too near, and the Captain then ordered her to be put before the wind. The brig was pouring her broadsides into us. * * * * The Captain ordered me to bring up the signal bag ready for throwing it overboard. * * * * Brought up the signals, put shot in the bag, when the brig being close alongside, I threw them over, and we struck to H. B. M. Brig Rifleman, of sixteen guns, Capt. Pearce. Immediately after the surrender, we were all, except the Surgeon and a few of the men, transferred to the Rifleman. Capt. Crowninshield was invited to mess with the Lieutenants, in the wardroom, and to take with him any one of his officers that he chose, and he chose me. The other officers were accommodated with the Midshipmen, and the men allowed to go free among the crew of the brig. All our personal effects were delivered to us without search, and we were treated by the Captain and officers with great kindness.

After the capture of the Diomedé, the sea being smoother, we found she would beat the Rifleman either before or on the wind. The two vessels proceeded in company to Halifax, where we arrived on the 31st of May, 1814. Our privateer was too small to allow, under the rules, the officers to remain on parole, but an exception was made in favor of Capt. Crowninshield in consideration of the kindness he had shown to the prisoners taken by himself. All the rest of us were sent to Melville Island prison on the 2d of June. Some of us hired a carriage and drove to it, passing through the town; the men were marched there in a body. On the 8th I was twenty-one years of age, and of course passed the day I became legally free, within the walls of a British prison.

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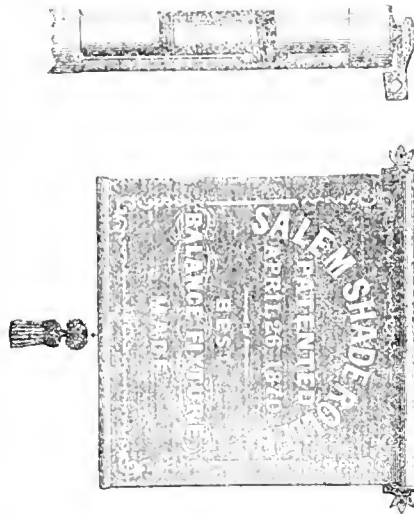
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SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

221

"QUAL DONNA ATTENDE A GLORIOSA LAMA."

Doth any maiden seek the glorious fame
Of chastity, of strength, of courtesy?
Gaze in the eyes of that sweet enemy
Whom all the world doth as my lady name!

How honor grows, and pure devotion's flame,
How truth is joined with graceful dignity,
There thou may'st learn, and what the pathway lead
To that high heaven which doth her spirit claim!

There learn soft speech, beyond all poet's skill,
And softer silence, and those holy ways
Unutterable, untold by human heart.

But the infinite beauty that all eyes doth fill,
This none can copy! since its lovely rays
Are given by God's pure grace, and not by art.

F. W. HIGGINSON.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 24, 1870.

Dear Sir:—

I ought to have written earlier, but shall be happy to send something to the fair. * * * It always gives me pleasure to be "counted in" for the home of my ancestors—"Essex-counted-in." I might say,

Yours ever truly,

F. W. H.

FROM THE SEASHORE.

ALL love to look upon a breaking wave: it is the only thing in nature that is the most beautiful at the moment of its dissolution.

OLD SALEM.

NO. II.

My pleasant task grows more difficult as I advance. I have neither time nor inclination to nail down every occurrence on the exact year to which it belonged; my knowledge has its limits in "at about this period," which is a mixture of ignorance and information possessing at least the advantage of not being liable to attack, for if no date is given, no question can arise, calling for other answer than from the questioner's own mind. This dilemma in a measure evaded, another appears which must be bravely met. How can persons be plainly spoken of except by their names? Children and grand-children of my *distantis personæ* are living—the more the better—and as none of them need be ashamed of seeing their patronymics in print, and yet as it may be objected to by some, I shall try to suit everybody and perhaps suit nobody, by using initials where the occasion requires no more, and giving the name in full where propriety would seem to demand it.

It is ten or twelve years since a bundle of old yellow letters, written on coarse paper, with ink faded by time, was placed in my hands, and from their pages I have gleaned a few records which, added to my recollection of talk and story, furnish these slight and fragmentary sketches. As all who have lived long enough can testify, the early part of the present century was marked by political differences which broke up friendships, divided families and nourished animosities, almost as a duty. Salem may not have been more bitter than other places of its size, but doubtless the gall was poured into the wine of life in liberal measure. Republicans and Federalists could not take the same newspaper, could not dance in the same ball-room, and it would seem, from a glance at localities, they could not live in the same part of the town; but through all this obvious hinderance to general social development, we know that Salem girls were bright and lovely, and Salem men, as a class, upright and intelligent. Gay parties abounded, and I find in one of the old letters a description of a summer evening's festivity at the house of the great merchant, Mr. William Gray, who built and occupied the large brick mansion, afterward known as the Essex Coffee House—still later as the Essex House. One young girl writing to another, was just about the same then as now. So she says that "our party at L. G's was pleasanter than could have been expected at this season. We had a great deal to eat and to drink, and considerable conversation; and, to crown all, we closed the evening with a reel to the music of the piano. I had Leverett Saltonstall for my partner, a sensible, agreeable, good natured soul, and to be sure, in spite of the heat, we jigged it away most merrily." In another letter to the same friend our writer says: "The beautiful, accom-

plished and unaffected Mrs. Richard Derby passed last Wednesday evening with us; what an honor conferred on our house! and yet her carriage is not that of a superior. Mr. John Pickering was pleased to appropriate to her Burke's description of Marie Antoinette; but although she richly merits this high praise, her manners are such as rather to invite you to familiarity." Here is an extract to which an explanation of a word used in a sense now obsolete may be of use. A dance at that time was a *contrè* dance, unless it was a reel; and a "voluntary," was one for which partners were chosen, not drawn; and now for the letter. "We had a little ball at L. G.'s last week; dances all voluntary, not a very judicious arrangement for Salem. "You are more interested for H. L. and myself than for any others, so I will tell you that H. danced with Messrs. J. P., G., S., B. G., H. P., and I have forgotten who else. I must give you a good story about her. Looking at Miss ———, who you know is a beauty, but without animation, she exclaimed, 'Oh, if I had that girl's face how handsome I would be!' To give a detail of my own concerns in the style of that model of female elegance, Miss Harriet Byron, know that, enveloped in a new gown, made for the occasion, I entered the room; assisted by the graces I swam to a seat where I alternately sipped the scandal breathing potation, and criticised the drapery of one of the ladies, until we were summoned to the dancing room. Mr. J. P. danced the first dance with me; I had the pleasure of sitting still the second; danced the third with H. P., the fourth with Mr. J. P.—e. the fifth with J. S., the sixth with S. S., the seventh, and last, with Mr. W.; and so ended the evening." In another letter, she asks, "Has the rumor of our ball at Palmer's reached you? I was at the top of Fortune's-wheel; answered to No. 2 in the draw-dances with S. S., cousin H., and L. S., for my partners. My voluntaries were two with cousin D. L. P., one with J. S. (a sweet little fellow), one with cousin H., and one with Mr. K. (a non-resident—Ed.), who thinks himself an Adonis. We supped at eleven o'clock.—a true Yankee feast,—more ducks, chickens, chicken-pies, coffee, bread and butter, ham, tongue, beside a regiment of knickknackeries, than would feed a nation; but I suppose it is very anti-republican to abuse the hospitalities of our countrymen, unless I choose to prefer the frogs of Sister France."

Again:—"To attempt a description of our various routes would be presumption: a ball and supper at Mrs. Putnam's, were most elegant, but Mrs. Hersey Derby's exceeded in splendor, decorations, and music. Four rooms were open for the reception of company; above sixty dancers on the floor, and a superb supper service of cut glass, even to the very plates we ate from. The table was in the form of a crescent, ornamented with a great variety of exotic plants; our fare consisted of cold ham and tongue, jellies, whips, custards, creams and blanc-mange, trifles, tarts, puddings, chesecakes, grapes, nuts, raisins, almonds, cakes of every description, and confectionery. Our attendants were numerous, and everything conducted with ease and propriety. I will also tell you of a party at my brother's, at Mrs. Tucker's, Mrs. Sam. Derby's, Mrs. Bowditch's, Miss Eliza Orne's, Mrs. Cushing's, and two at our own house. Judge then of my employments—great assiduity is necessary to repair the

ravages made by such dissipation on our more important concerns, and I am on the point of running off to Danvers to avoid them and recover my sober senses." It must not be supposed that these letters were wholly devoted to descriptions of evening parties, they contained many a chronicle of home life, details of the occupations fitting the daughter of the house, allusions to visits in Boston, during one of which she played a game of chess with "young Mr. Kirkland," and found him very agreeable, as the students of Harvard College found him, so many years after this opinion was given; of morning calls in Marblehead, of shoppings for friends, of going to "meeting" and criticising the minister in very young lady style, with a bit of political chatter which shall close the extracts. "We are in the midst of politics—alias, trying to rout you Democrats—and I could not help joining a friend in the pious wish that the morning town meeting might be the harbinger of the political exit of Mr. Jacob Crowninshield. But you are always so indefatigable in the bad cause that there is little hope for us. If I am saucy, I will give you leave to return the compliment, and you may even join Carlton in blackguarding Colonel Tim. Pickering, but like him, I suspect you will find nothing much amiss, but that he eats turnips and holds the plough." In the next number I will speak of the early Assemblies, and the style of entertainment in Salem after the close of the war.

M. C. D. S.

SALUTATION OF THE SEA.

[From the German of Count Auersperg.]

BOUNDLESS, measureless and endless.

Type of that unknown To-be,
Bright and calm thou spread'st before me,
Holy and eternal sea!

Shall I come with tears to greet thee,
Tears that sorrow loves to shed,
When she wanders through the graveyard
Weeping o'er her precious dead?

For a still and mighty graveyard,
One vast sepulchre, thou art;
Cold and pitiless thy waters
Roll o'er many a hope and heart.

Neither cross nor gravestone whispers
Where they sleep in calm and storm;
Only on thy shore goes weeping
Many a monumental form.

Or shall I with rapture hail thee,
Rapture, such as thrills the soul,
When the eye a blooming garden
Sees its wide-spread charms unroll?

For a boundless, glittering garden
Art thou, broad and lustrous deep!
Noble blossoms, priceless treasures,
In thy crystal bosom sleep.

Like a garden's rich enamel
Lies thy surface, smooth and green,
Beds of pearl and groves of coral
Are thy flowers that bloom unseen.

Like still roamers through a garden
Ships across thy waters go,
Seeking treasures, bringing treasures,
Hopes and greetings, to and fro.

Tears of woe or tears of rapture,
Which—old Ocean! shall be thine?
Idle doubt—unmeaning question—
Since, indeed, no choice is mine!

Since, indeed, the deepest rapture
From my eye in tears distills.
As the flush of morn and evening
Still with dew the flower-cup fills.

Tearful eyes to God I lifted,
'Neath the great Cathedral's dome;
And with tears I greeted lately
My loved land, my long-sought home.

Bathed in tears, my arms I opened.
When my darling greeted me;
On the hill I bowed me weeping.
Where I first caught sight of thee!

Newport, Oct. 4, 1870.

T. B.

OLD WAYS.

My friend and neighbor, Atkins, is one of the most inconsistent men alive. In religion and politics an extreme radical, in the practical affairs of life he would go back fifty, or a hundred years.

Atkins is always hunting up people whom he knew when he was a boy; he would walk ten miles, in bad weather, to meet an old school fellow; and would sleep in the garret, at home, to give his bed to somebody who knew his grandfather.

We live in the same block, and our wives are intimate; we spend many evenings together, so that I know Atkins' mind pretty well.

You should hear him wax eloquent over the old Franklin fire-place, and grow pathetic over the remembrance of cakes baked in a Dutch oven. And I have always fancied that he would fall prostrate before a dumb Betty, or a hand-loom.

As for sewing and washing machines, Atkins actually shivers and shrinks at the notion of one on his premises. "When I have a Hercules in my kitchen, who needs the exercise, I will buy one of these wheel and crank abominations. When I want to make my wife more a slave, we will have a Singer's, a Wilcox & Gibbs, or whatever name you call the things. Just so soon as one of these confounded affairs comes into a house, the mistress begins to make it pay, as she calls it. That is she lays out ten times the usual amount of work, strains every nerve to get it done, then reckons how much it would have cost her to hire it all, and so makes it out how much money the machine has saved."

Gas and kerosene find in my friend their inveterate enemy. "What with new fixtures—there is always a man presenting you with a great improvement, and begging you, almost with tears, to just let them show you the principle,—what with these, which you are fool enough to try, and with leaks, your gas is forever making leaks in a man's pocket. And as for kerosene, the lamp chimneys alone would make all men of common means paupers in thirty years; and any common city might build the Great Pyramid out of the broken glass in half the time. I have worked it all out."

There is no use in trying to balance the good and ill in

these things, and to show that the good is heaviest, the convenience more than covering the inconvenience. You might as well undertake to hinder him from searching through a large city to find a man, who stopped one night at his father's, or somebody with whom he hunted woodchucks, as a boy, twenty years ago.

Last summer we hired one of a new row of cottages, at the beach, for our two families.

We left the children and clothing to our wives, and divided the remaining items between us, to note down and transport. So it happened that all pertaining to the culinary arrangements fell to my share. We arrived at our new quarters late in the afternoon. Retiring by moonlight, there was no chance for my experiment till morning.

With daylight the youngest children were crying for breakfast; but as our quarters were narrow, Atkins and myself proposed to get our decks well cleared and our action begun, ere children or females should appear upon the scene.

"I thought this would be a good time to try and realize our father's and grandfather's times, so I have looked back fifty years in making arrangements," I remarked, handing Atkins the old fashioned depository of "latent heat," while I prepared to pick up drift-wood along shore. I had examined the box after long and patient research in the cellars and garrets of my acquaintance; the bunch of matches I had made and dipped with my own hands, and these I gave to my friend, last, after the manner of a benediction.

It took me a long time to collect the drift-wood. I didn't hurry,—I might as well get enough for all day; there was plenty of light stuff inside, to begin with; and beside it was a fine morning and I liked to watch the sunlight on the waves. There was no smoke curling from the chimney as I neared the house, but I fancied a slight commotion within. As I opened the door, Atkins, in an awful voice, was remanding his son and heir to bed, accompanying the order with frightful threats, and sending to Nattie, the next child, a warning to come down if she dared.

My friend was seated in a low chair by the fire place, the tin box between his knees, his face almost purple from his exertion; the flint and steel were in position; he had evidently been striking fire ever since I left him, but the fire was not struck.

"Here, Jones," he exclaimed, "let's have some matches; I have worked on this confounded old contrivance long enough." But as an after thought, he added: "Fifty years out of practice, you see." No more practical joke in his tone than in the sound of the sea outside.

"I have no matches but these," I answered, "I thought we might be as smart as our mothers; I expected to find breakfast on the table; I have earned mine getting wood. Give us the box."

Atkins passed over the implements with a deep breath of relief, and I took his place. I had practiced a little before we started, in dread of what might happen. But I found it was one thing to strike a spark from the steel, and another to light a match. I would strike twenty times, perhaps, and at last would see one little dot of fire upon the tinder, to which I would hurriedly touch the match,

putting out the little dot instantly. Then, for a quarter of an hour, I would work vigorously without getting one spark to reach the tinder; at one more energetic stroke the flint would slip out of my fingers and go half way across the room.

By this time the children of both families were dangerous, and their mothers desperate. It was evident the siege must soon be raised. So we held a hasty consultation and agreed to feed the little ones with whatever was available. "I'd go to the next house and ask for matches if I could think of any good story to tell," said Atkins, assuming that we were alike victims to enthusiasm for antiquity.

I do not know which woman really accomplished the deed, but while we were busy with the children, our wives had really struck sparks that had lighted a match, and a fire was burning on the hearth before we realized that the attempt was making.

I should say it was not later than ten A. M., that we sat down to hot coffee and steak, with hunger, but not appetite.

I wasn't sorry to see Atkins climb up the side of a wagon that one of our neighbors was sending to town for stores in the afternoon. He said nothing of his intentions, but when he came back there were matches of the modern kind on the mantle shelf of our little kitchen. It was a relief, for the children might fall sick in the night, and even our wives' skill might fail in that emergency.

The next winter I went into my neighbor's office one morning, and asked him to see a great purchase that I had made. I opened a paper and displayed in triumph two tin tubes, about five inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, pointed at the lower ends, and fastened together throughout their entire length, and having a small ring by which they could be hung up, when out of use.

"This," I explained, for really it might as well be mentioned in the singular number, "is a candle mould: it is a rare piece of fortune to find one, and knowing how you hate kerosene and gas, I snapped this up, at the sale of old Niles' goods just now. I'll venture to say there isn't another in this city. I am told that sometimes there were half a dozen moulds in one, but it is hopeless our ever getting one of those; so you must be content with running two candles at a time. You are not obliged to illuminate your house every night, as I have heard you remark. Two oil lamps answered for your father and mother; why shouldn't two tallow candles serve for you?"

Atkins had seized the precious relic of the past, and was gazing in apparent reverence and admiration upon it.

"I am deeply grateful to you Jones, but pray explain fully how I am to work the machine."

I produced from my pocket a ball of wicking, a square piece of soft pine board, a round stick half a foot long, and half an inch in diameter, and an immense needle; cutting off twelve inches of the wicking, I crowded the ends through the needle and dropped it into the right hand cylinder; pulling the needle through the pointed end, I brought the two ends through and tied them in a knot. I did the same to the other half of the mould, then making two incisions in my piece of board, I inserted the

pointed ends of the mould, until it stood upright; finally running my stick through the loops of wicking, and resting it across the tops of the cylinders.

"Now it is in position you have only to pour in melted tallow and allow it to harden; when ready, remove the stick, pull out by the loops, and your candles are made. When you have dipped a dozen or so, put a string through these same loops and hang them up ready for use. But I will melt the tallow and show the whole process, if you have any doubt."

"No, no; you have made it all clear. A wonderful thing, a great prize! Are you sure that this one is all that can be had?"

"I do not think it possible to obtain another; I have been long on the lookout for this."

"Then I will have it at any price. But do not imagine I am so far gone in selfishness as to keep such an article for my private use. No indeed. I shall send it straight to the Essex Institute, with a notice that you are ready to give illustrated lectures upon it this very winter."

"You shall not be alone in this sacrifice. I will give the tinder-box, with a bunch of my own matches, and you shall have the honor of lecturing upon and illustrating the use of flint and steel."

REMINISCENCES OF A PRIVATEERSMAN.

NUMBER TWO.

The Revolt on the Benson; from the MS. autobiography of the late David A. Neal.

COMMUNICATED BY THEODORE A. NEAL.

HAVING some money with me, I was not altogether dependent on the prison fare, but it was not always easy to obtain what we required, even by paying for it. At this time all exchange of prisoners taken in ships of war, or privateers, had been stopped, and the policy of Great Britain seemed to be, to concentrate all such in one depot in England. Accordingly on the 11th of July, I was included in a draft of about two hundred, and sent from Melville Island, on board a transport ship called the Benson, and ordered for England under convey of H. B. M. Razee Goliath, of sixty guns, Capt. T. E. Maitland. We sailed on the 13th. The ship's company of the Benson consisted of about thirty men. There was also on board, to secure the prisoners, a detail of some twenty-five or thirty marines, under charge of two lieutenants. About a dozen British Naval Officers, going home on furlough, were passengers. The prisoners were all confined together in the between decks. The main hatch was strongly secured by gratings, with room for one only to come up at a time. Not more than two were allowed to be on deck at once. The ship's crew lived in the middle steeage, the Marines in the fore-castle, and the passengers, of course, with the Captain and Officers, in the cabin. We knew that we largely outnumbered the British, and that we should at this season have thick fogs on the Banks of Newfoundland. If we could get out of the way of the convoy, there would be a fair chance of getting possession of the ship, even without any arms but those that nature had given us, if we could depend on only one-half of the prisoners. It was therefore determined to make the attempt, and if we succeeded, to proceed either to the Western Islands, or the United States, as the winds might favor.

On the afternoon and night of the 18th of July, we were on the Banks, and enveloped in thick fogs. The convoy kept ahead, but indicated her position by firing signal guns. We watched the sound all night, the wind being strong from the south-west. At daylight on the 19th, the

report of the guns gradually died away in the distance, indicating that the Goliath had ranged ahead out of our immediate vicinity. The fog was of intense thickness. Two of the prisoners were on deck. A preconcerted signal was given by them, and almost at the same instant, and while three or four of us were getting up through the opening in the hatchway, a volley of musketry came from a party of marines who had been concealed under a sail on the quarter deck. It was evident that we had been betrayed, and this at once cooled the courage of some, and offered an excuse to others who had none, but who had been foremost in talk at least, in promoting the attempt. Out of the two hundred, I think only about nine persevered in gaining the deck. Of these some five or six rushed aft, as had been arranged, to close over the companion-way and the after hatch, by which last, access was had to the steerage. My place was to be (with others who did not come up) on the fore-castle. On getting up through the scuttle from between decks, being just forward the mainmast in the larboard waist, I found the man who had been one of the two who were on deck, and had given the signal, struggling with a marine who had a musket in his hand, and who had probably been the sentry over the hatchway. I was fortunate enough to find lying on the spars, a cook's axe, and the marine seeing that I was about to try its force on his cranium, dropped his musket and ran forward. We picked it up, I taking the bayonet, and my companion the gun, and we separated, he going aft, and I forward. Just then the marines from the quarter deck, or some of them, rushed by us, going forward. I pursued them and hit the last one as he was jumping over the windlass. They succeeded in getting into the fore-castle, when I closed over the lid, and having no other means of securing it, used the bayonet for a toggle. The fore-castle was now all clear. I was there alone; from the foremast all round to the bows, I was lord of the sheets and the tacks. As the ship was going before the wind, all I had to do was to tend them, whenever the party aft should be ready to brace up and bring the ship to the wind, which of course was our first object, so as to increase our distance from the convoy. I had no time, however, to reflect much about it, for I almost instantly heard the sharp crackling of fire arms aft, and found there was nobody coming forward to support me. Supposing that the ship's company had succeeded in closing the scuttle, and so prevented the prisoners from coming up, I stepped to the larboard side where I had left the axe, and was proceeding round the bows of the long-boat in hopes to be able to break in the grating and let them up, when I saw a number of person on the quarter deck firing pistols and carbines in every direction, and met one of the prisoners, in shirt and trousers, staggering along with a shot hole in the left breast. I mechanically caught him as he was tottering, dropping my axe, and had just placed my right hand over the wound, from which the blood was flowing profusely, having my left behind him, when a volley was fired at us, and a ball struck him in the forehead, and, as I suppose, killed him at once, as he dropped instantly. Finding myself the only prisoner in sight, and several persons advancing on me, and firing at the same time, I made for the fore-hatch (which was open, and led into the fore-hold, being bulk-headed all round, to prevent communication with the between decks), and succeeded in landing on the water casks stowed there, where I was followed by the discharge of small arms. One shot, I supposed a slug from a carbine, took effect, shattering three fingers of my left hand. I got out of the way, when they stopped firing, and called out for all in the fore-hold to surrender themselves. There was one other person there, but who he was, or how he got there, I never knew. I got on deck, and was taken aft with many imprecations, and was then, of course, well guarded. By this time, the Goliath, alarmed by some reports from the carriage guns on board the Benson, and which, as we were to windward, were heard at once, lay by for us and was soon alongside; the first seen of her, so thick was the fog, being her jib-boom over our quarter.

After the surgeon, who was attached to the Marine

Corps on board, had taken his time to dress the wound of the only person who was hurt on the British side (a captain in the Navy, who was going home on leave), he proceeded to attend to the prisoners. Two, if not more, on our side, had been killed, and their bodies thrown over-board. Another was badly wounded in the side and he afterwards died on board the Goliath. Another, John Nantz, a lieutenant of a Baltimore privateer, had both arms shattered. My turn came next. My fingers were hanging by the flesh and skin, but were badly shattered. The surgeon very roughly cut them off and bound them up in a rag, leaving the bone ragged and projecting, all the time cursing and swearing at me for having been the means of one of H. B. Majesty's officers being made a cripple for life. It appeared that the only shot fired, or which we had the means of firing, was from the musket which I had got from the Marine in the waist, and had given to the American who had been struggling for it. This he fired and hit the above officer in the right wrist, so that his hand had to be amputated. From some cause or other it was evident that the Marine officers had got the impression that the revolt, as they called it, had originated with me, and when it was decided to send some of the prisoners on board the Goliath, I was designated as the ringleader, for the other two who were wounded, were put in charge of the surgeon, and placed in the sick-bay, while I with about twenty-five others, taken, I believe, promiscuously from the prisoners in the between decks, was put in irons and stowed away altogether in a black-hole in the lowest part of the ship, where there was scarcely a breath of air, and the heat was excessive. From the bad state of the atmosphere I fully expected my wounds to mortify, and no doubt they would have done so, had I not been relieved by the interposition of the surgeon, who learning in some way that one of the prisoners thus incarcerated, was wounded, insisted that he should be sent to the sick-bay, and placed under his charge. Moreover no allowance of provisions was served out to me, so that I was likely to be starved if not otherwise murdered, had not the doctor heard of it and sent me all my meals from the ward-room. He examined my wounds, and pronounced the treatment of it, as well as that of Nantz's arm, to be disgraceful to the service, and such as ought to be reported to the Transport Board. In fact the whole conduct of the surgeon of the Goliath towards the Americans, was of the most noble character, and this will be readily accounted for when I state that he was the BARRY O'MEARA who afterwards became so distinguished as the physician and defender of Napoleon at St. Helena.

We arrived at Spithead about the 4th of August, and orders were given next day, that Nantz and myself should be removed to Haslar Hospital at Gosport. Dr. O'Meara accompanied us thither, and saw that we had good quarters in the same ward, and left us deeply impressed by his kindness. He called at the hospital some months afterwards, to see us, but it was after we had been sent away, and I have never met him since.

I went to "Loring's" other day—

A book-store famed in Boston city—

Borne on the stream that flows that way,

To ask for books both grave and witty.

The maid that hands them,—'pen my life!

Well,—let it pass,—we're all soft-hearted,—

I whispering asked for, "man and wife?"

She lisped "engaged," and so we parted.

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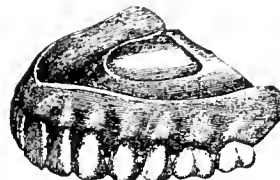
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and others, whose names are, at their request, withheld.

OUR VILLAGE BELL.

How sweet to hear it speak
The first day of the week,
And gather all the people slowly,
To worship Him, the holy, holy!

It rings at busy noon
The hungry laborers' tune;
At night of gentle rest 'tis pealing,
And all to sleep are stealing, stealing.

When green is all the earth,
With goodly, festive mirth,
It calls the boys at July dawning,
Who ache to see the morning, morning!

Hark, now 'tis wild and loud,
And sends a hurrying crowd
Around the village corner turning,
To see the school-house burning, burning!

The flames are forking high,
The little children cry,
The blue-eyed mistress all surround us,
The dreadful bell is sounding, sounding!

They jump through all the flames—
Down in their fathers' arms,
And laugh and cry to see the hurry,
And hear the firemen hurry, hurry!

The bell is deep and low;
The mourners silent go;
It strikes, when first the earth is dropping,
And all their hearts are stopping, stopping!

They give the dust to dust,
The soul to God they trust,
Through awful pauses, hark, 'tis breaking,
The world from folly waking, waking!

MARTHA P. LOWE.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

A. P. P.

The Yosemite Valley, itself four thousand feet above the sea level, is enclosed by cliffs from three to four thousand feet in height. It is about seven miles in length, and from half a mile to a mile in width. It is depressed below the whole surrounding country, and can be reached only by plunging down a rocky declivity of three thousand feet, the descent being as nearly perpendicular as tenacious horse-locks or human courage can hazard. Professor Whitney, the state-geologist, thinks that this valley was originally level with its walls, but sank many ages ago, in some one of those convulsions whose frequent recurrence still betrays the action of vast subterranean forces. A lake welled up over the sunken territory, which has been gradually filled in by the debris from the overhanging cliffs, till the only vestige of it is the gentle river Merced, a few yards wide, which now winds and babbles through the centre of the valley.

The waterfalls pour over the cliffs into the valley, and feed the Merced, themselves fed by ranges of mountains in the rear, covered with perpetual snow, which melts rapidly during the entire summer, and especially in the intense heat of the longest days. One of the most beautiful of these falls is the Bridal Veil. This is best described by its name. It looks like a lace veil of the most delicate tissue, perpetually falling over a precipice nine hundred feet high. The water is so broken in its descent, that one can trace even the meshes of the lace. It falls so gently, the Merced receives its tribute so quietly, the surrounding trees temper the summer heat so deliciously, so glorious a rainbow spans its base, and the lace-threads caught in the tourist's cap, are so cool and sweet to the taste—literally living water—that the whole scene dwells in my memory as if I had spent the hour in Paradise. Yet at the foot of the fall are huge boulders, in wild confusion, indicating the mighty forces at work on the breaking up of winter, when the filmy lace-current becomes for the time a roaring, foaming torrent.

I pass to a grander scene,—the site of the Vernal and Nevada Falls, in which the largest of the mountain streams, the same Merced River of which I have made repeated mention, plunges into the valley from the height of a thousand feet, in two leaps, with a broad plateau between. In approaching these falls, I found myself in a vast, deep gorge, filled with Cyclopean rocks, jammed together in wild disorder, lying at every possible angle with one another. The whole world beside was shut out, and I was reminded of the time when, in classic fable, the Titans piled Ossa upon Pelion, and leafy Olympus upon Ossa, and the thunder-bolts of Jupiter hurled down the

rocky mass, and heap it up its fragments on the ground below. By a somewhat difficult ascent, I reached the foot of the lower or Vernal fall, and found a great volume of water, pouring with a roar like that of distant thunder, spanned by countless rainbows, more perfectly formed than I had ever seen before, in some places making a complete circle. From this station, by the aid of ladders, I climbed up the margin of the Vernal Fall, through drenching spray, literally washing my hands in rainbows, and frequently having all the prismatic colors in close contact with my eyes, to the foot of the Nevada Fall. There I rested, on the bank of the intervening lake, and looked up to a cataract even more glorious than the other, in which the waters seemed to pour from the very heavens, now broken by the projections of the cliff over which it passes into clouds of spray, now uniting in a sheet as of molten silver, now corrugated by bulging rivulets of foam, now sending a shining jet far off into the air, now assuming the aspect of billows, chasing and tumbling over one another in the wild speed of their race. At a short distance from the summit of this fall rises to the height of two thousand feet above, the Cap of Liberty, one of the highest peaks that overlook the valley, a mass of rocks almost perpendicular on every side, completely bare on its sides, with a single enormous Juniper-tree on its top.

A MEMORY OF CHANNING.

As, year by year, pale Autumn's leaves
Breathe requiems by his native shore
A spirit's voice is heard, that grieves
For him whose form returns no more.

As, year by year, bright Autumn days
Come down from God's transparent skies,
A spirit's voice gives grateful praise
For him whose memory never dies.

Newport, R. I.

C. T. B.

WENHAM LAKE.

MANY inquiries have been made, as to the effect of the protracted drought of 1870 upon this lake, and I here furnish some data upon this point.

Each foot in depth of the water of Wenham Lake contains about one hundred and five million gallons. The highest level ever noted is thirty-one feet above tide-water. The highest level during the winter of 1869-70, was thirty feet six inches. The level during the winter and spring months varies from twenty-nine feet six inches to thirty feet six inches. The level of the outlet near the ice-houses is twenty-nine feet; on June 4, the level of the lake was twenty-nine feet seven inches; on July 2, it was twenty-nine feet four inches; on August 6, twenty-eight feet ten inches; on September 3, twenty-eight feet seven inches; on September 21, *the lowest of the season*, it was twenty-eight feet one and one-half inches; on October 1, it had risen to twenty-eight feet three inches.

The level of the bottom of the conduit which conveys the water from the lake to the pump-well, is twenty-four feet; but when the water in the lake falls below twenty-five feet four inches, the quantity running through the conduit will be less than five millions of gallons per day.

In all calculations, therefore, we consider twenty-five feet four inches as the level of the available supply. On September 24, the day of the lowest level, the lake level was twenty-eight feet one and one-half inches, so that there were then within reach of the pumping-engine and available for immediate use, nearly three hundred millions of gallons, or sufficient to supply Salem and Beverly, at the present rate of consumption, for ten months. A proper estimate of the value of this enormous available supply may be formed by comparing it with the supply furnished by the Chestnut Hill Reservoir, with its two basins, just completed by the city of Boston at a cost of two millions five hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Bradlee states, in his recent address, that the Lawrence and Bradlee basins, when full, will hold seven hundred and thirty millions gallons, of which six hundred millions of gallons will be available, or just one month's supply at the present rate of consumption in Boston.

From April 1 to October 1, the rain gauge shows the rain fall at Wenham lake to have been 18.59 inches, namely: in April, 5.05 inches; in May, 1.57 inches; in June, 3.57 inches; in July, 2.12 inches; in August, 3.94 inches; in September, 2.31 inches. Rain fell during each week of these six months, except the three weeks ending May 7th, May 21st and July 23d.

From April 1 to October 1, one hundred and eighty-five million six hundred and seventy-four thousand six hundred and eighty gallons of water were pumped from the lake into the reservoir with a consumption of only two hundred and five tons of coal. And during the same period one hundred and eighty-three million two hundred and sixty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-seven gallons were drawn from the reservoir.

The greatest consumption of water was nine million one hundred thousand gallons, during the week ending July 30th; and the smallest was five millions twenty-nine thousands one hundred and thirty-six gallons, during the week ending April 9th. In the week ending October 8th, six millions three hundred and eighty-one thousands two hundred and four gallons were drawn from the reservoir.

The rain fall into the lake, as shown by rain gauge, 18.59 inches, from April 1 to October 1, was nearly equal to the quantity pumped out during the same time, while the level of the lake was reduced from twenty-nine feet seven inches to twenty-eight feet three and a half inches, say fifteen and a half inches, or nearly one hundred and thirty-six million gallons, which quantity, in addition to the supply from the water shed, was wasted through the outlet, by evaporation, etc.

But, omitting further details, we find that during the season of 1870, hot and dry as it has been, Wenham lake has supplied not only all the water needed in Salem and Beverly, but all the water so lavishly used in both places, and that the level of its surface on September 24, was not eighteen inches lower than on June 4, was only nine inches below the lowest level of 1869, and not three feet lower than the highest spring freshet ever noted. We also find the lake itself retaining an available supply, ready to be drawn out that very day, of nearly three hundred millions of gallons, sufficient for ten months supply to the two places, Salem and Beverly, even if used as profusely as during the summer of 1870.

W. R. P.

THE RETURN TO THE LILY WREATH.

ALL withered! When we said thee farewell—
We left a kiss with every leaf;
A quivering smile, all sad with tears,
The shadowed smile of tender grief
Light floats the raft on sunny seas—
While chill her treasures ead beneath
I see them still, that little mound,
Thy blossoms rich, then glowing wreath!

Mid Nature's summer smile, and Man's,
Upon my silent soul they gleam,
I gazed adown the valley's wealth,
I stood beside the mountain stream,
When music, trilled from thousand throat
Filled with her joy the dewy air;
When wandered lone the holy Moon
Mid stillly Nature's silent prayer.

The wild bird warbled from the branch
And echo answered at the close,
The charmed air lingered to be struck
Again with sounds so sweet as those,
Here, o'er the homestead's grassy sward
A mother's charge, the infant crept;
There, cumbered with love's labor sweet
From rock to rock the squirrel leapt.

The pealing organ's swelling praise,
The falling torrent's loud alarm,
The cottage mother's lullaby,
The huddling rivulet's drowsy clasp,
The mountain crest, the sun-set flush,
And teeming Nature in her prime;
The tender Maple's early flush,
The abundance of the harvest time—

Oh Nature's summer smile, and Man's
Upon our souls how fair they fell!
And yet—that little mound and wreath—
Mid vale and crag, I saw them still,
Age now hath come, with shortened breath,
And life hath sped with wayward will,
But silver-voiced Earth cannot,
Nor chiming waters, break the spell!

REMINISCENCES OF A PRIVATEERSMAN.

NUMBER THREE.

Haslar Hospital and Dartmoor Prison; from the MS. Autobiography of the late David A. Neal.

COMPILED BY THEODORE A. NEAL.

THE Royal Hospital at Gosport, called Haslar, is one of the largest institutions of the kind in England, and is devoted to the sick and wounded of the army and navy. It is located in view of the ships lying at the Motherbank, Spithead, and it is said that at one time during the Peninsular war, it had five or six thousand patients. Here I was kept on a low diet, but having a credit on Samuel Williams, Esq., my father's banker, I was enabled to get what pocket money I required, though it had all to be obtained through the officers, or with their knowledge. In this way, however, I had the means, and could obtain from the nurses, whatever I wanted, as meats, beer, wines, etc.

Soon after I entered Haslar, a court martial was held at Portsmouth, on the two Marine officers who were in charge of the detachment on board the *Benson*. It was got up, of course, for the glorification, not the justification, of those gentlemen, and judging from the reports of the evidence published, one would infer that they had been engaged in a most perilous conflict with the whole two hundred Americans on board the transport, instead of

some half dozen unarmed men. Whether the lieutenants got promoted or not, in consequence, I never knew.

My hand soon healed, but owing to the helplessness of Mr. Nantz, I was allowed to remain with him until, I should think, some time in October, when I was sent on board the *Orpheus* frigate, then lying at Spithead. There were on board of her a considerable number of American prisoners who had, I believe, been taken from the prison ships at Woolwich. The ship took us to Plymouth, and we were thence marched to Dartmoor Prison, a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. It is situated, as its name implies, on a barren tract, and is quite elevated. There were now nearly six thousand Americans confined here, among them some fifteen hundred or two thousand, who had been discharged from the British navy, having been impressed from under the American flag, or having other evidence of their nationality. There were nine prisons, all enclosed by two circular walls, having a space of some fifty feet between them. There were six yards separated by high walls in each of which were two prisons, except the two central ones, which had been made by dividing one yard and one prison, by a wall to separate the American from the French prisoners. One part of it was now used for the blacks. All these yards converged to a common point, where the gates opened into an area or court, where was held the market, and in which also were situated the officers and guard-houses, etc. Under ordinary circumstances the prisoners were allowed, during the day, to go freely from one yard to another, and to purchase anything in the market, excepting intoxicating liquors, but these were clandestinely introduced in any required quantities, apparently without objection from the officers, who on their tours of inspection, could not help seeing them exposed for sale. The market was well supplied with provisions by the people from the neighboring country, and anything could be ordered from the towns of Tavistock and Ashburton, in the vicinity. The American government paid to each prisoner monthly, six shillings and eight pence sterling, and as there were six thousand prisoners, £2000 sterling monthly, was obtained from this source alone. Thus most of the prisoners lived well enough, but many really suffered from hunger, for, in the elevated position of the prison, the air was exhilarating and the appetite keen. Though on the whole, neither the provisions nor the treatment of the prisoners by the officials, could be complained of. My being sent to Dartmoor at all, was probably owing to the part I had taken on board the *Benson*. Mr. Williams had interceded with the Transport Board for my release, and it was promised, but when the case was inquired into, my name was returned with a black mark against it, and the promise was never fulfilled. I was not, however, uncomfortable, excepting for the uncertainty as to the time of my deliverance. I was perfectly well, and had means for procuring all the material comforts I required. Early every morning I took a lesson in fencing for the sake of the exercise. I got my meals at the coffee shops and eating rooms which abounded in the prisons. Between meals I walked a good deal, wrote some, and read considerably, there being a tolerably good circulating library in our prison, No. 7, owned by one of the prisoners who had been a petty officer on board a British man-of-war. During this time I composed a history in blank verse (I called it an epic poem) of considerable length, of the American Navy. I don't know what became of it, nor can I remember a single line of it. I don't believe it was worth remembering.

Early in January, 1815, we heard that a treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent, and had been sent to the United States for ratification. Late in March it was returned to London ratified, and on the 31st of that month I received information from Mr. Williams, of London, that my discharge was granted, and from Capt. Shortland, that it was received. The next day, April 1st, I took my departure, being the first American prisoner released under the Treaty of Ghent. In Liverpool there were several Americans who were seeking a passage home. The consignees of the American ship *Eliza*, Capt. Porter, belonging to Jacob Barker, of New York, but now under Russian colors, gen-

crously offered us a free passage in the cabin, to New York, we of course furnishing our own stores. There were, I think, ten or twelve of us, mostly shipmasters, but I have entirely forgotten the names of every one of them, and have never since, to my knowledge, fallen in with a single individual of the party. We sailed about the 15th or 20th of April.

I have never regretted the short time I was compelled to reside in Dartmoor prison. It gave me a knowledge of men better than I could have acquired in any other school in a much longer time. As to treatment by the officials, there was nothing to complain of, but the conduct of the prisoners, although towards me personally unobjectionable, was in many instances outrageous. There was a good deal of intemperance, and gambling prevailed very generally. There was nevertheless, a strong resistance to the introduction of the latter into some of the prisons, and in No. 7, where I was, it was for a time effectually stopped. There were also many high principled men, and there was probably more real patriotism among the prisoners, than is usually found among the same number in any class of life.

We arrived off the American coast late in May, and being off Block Island with a head wind, three of us who were bound North, chartered a fishing boat to take us into Newport, where we took stages for our several homes.

THE BOSTON PARADOX.

I am unique, and yet dual, a common noun, but still a very uncommon thing! I am a substance, and a substantive;—singular, yet plural; masculine and neuter, a biped and a quadruped! I belong both to the animal and to the mineral kingdoms. I am artificial, yet natural; full of art, yet guileless as a little child! I am always on foot, yet never a pedestrian; powerless as an infant, yet no living man has power to turn me, and though I am always armed, I cannot defend myself; I died years before I was created, and yet I shall outlive my Creator! I was meant for fatuity, yet I shall never reach Heaven, and I do not care if I do not.

I am cold, hollow-hearted, un pitying, unscrupulous and unsparing; yet no one fears me although they own that I could crush them! I am surrounded by railing and commendation, yet I listen to neither; for those who flatter me must have nothing to gain from me; and those who find the most fault, never wound my feelings. It is my mission to speak to the multitude, yet I never open my lips to them.

I ignore the common lot of humanity, for I was not born of woman, and I shall not die as men die: the lightning may shiver me, or the earthquake may engulf me, but no man now living will be likely to witness my last exodus; and yet, dear as I am to thousands *to-day*, if I should perish *to-morrow* no bells would be tolled for me, and no sad funeral rites be paid me!

I have passed through the fiery furnace unscathed a Shadrach and his brethren, and all the rigors of your northern winters cannot chill me. Those who call me good and true, know me to be a counterfeit, and those who own that I am but a counterfeit, will still maintain that I am grand and noble!

I have no belief,—no holy faith,—no religious sentiment, yet those who know me best, speak of my merits, and call me *perfect*!

I am of the people, I belong to the people, yet I look down upon them, and they like me the better for it.

I am above the multitude, yet not the equal of the meanest man that lives, although I am connected with "the ton" in three direct ways. I bear an honorable name; I have never disgraced it; and I have wronged no man; yet no one cares to speak to me. People are glad to see me, and proud knowing me, yet of the thousands who pass me on the street, not one turns to address me, and if they did, I would not return their salutation. I am looked upon with reverence, affection, and admiration, yet not a beggar in the street will lift his cap to me!

I bear a proud name in the land, and it is an unsullied one; yet I have been dragged through the streets and placed before the tribunal of the people. I had no counsel to defend me, I had no trial by jury, and I was not condemned, yet some of the best judges in the land ordered my execution. I *was* executed, yet no ignominy clings to me, and those who executed me were my earliest and best friends! I am wholly and emphatically *American*,—and yet I cannot boast of having drawn my first breath upon America's free shores.

A heavy price was paid for me, yet those who bought me never touch me, and those who own me do not use me, and though no amount of money could buy me from my present possessors, my warmest admirer would not care to own me, or take the trouble to carry me home, if I were freely given to him!

I have more legs than a horse, and more ears than a man! People say I am full of life and action. Alas! they do not know me. The world may go on and on, but I am stationary and unmoved. I go neither forward nor backward, until the end cometh,—now say, what am I?

C. R. D.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF ELIZA WHARTON.

Danvers, July 9, 1788.

Mrs. LUCY SUMNER:

Esteemed and Dear Friend:—Your much valued letter of the 25th ult. is received, and its contents noted. I thank you for your kindly expressed desire to relieve my distracted mind by turning its thoughts away from itself to dwell on more cheerful themes. It is thus I construe your earnest request that I shall send you a minute account of my situation here, and of all the little affairs transpiring in the quiet village where I am sojourning. Let me warn you that such a narrative can be of no sort of interest to you. No matter, it will serve your benevolent purpose just as well if the attempt diverts my mind from the thoughts and reflections which consume it.

You know, my dear Lucy, all the circumstances of my sad history previous to my leaving New Haven, better than any other person, *one* only excepted, but whose name my pen refuses to write. I arrived here safely after a hard journey of two days, over rough roads, and found lodgings at the Bell Tavern, kept by Francis Symonds, who is a Chocolate maker as well as landlord. All are very kind to me, especially Mrs. Symonds, who accepts my story with the most perfect credulity, and seems to take a motherly interest in my welfare.

Directly opposite the tavern is the residence of an ad-

mirable Quaker family of the name of Southwick. They claim to be descendants of that Joseph and Cassandra Southwick who suffered such cruel persecution in the middle of the last century. These people are truly lovable, and the generous manner with which they bestowed their confidence upon a poor stranger, impressed me most favorably. How conscience stricken I felt, as I thought of the deception I was practising on these very kind friends! Would that there were more of such in this cold world!

Yesterday was more than usually stirring, on account of a kind of Court or Reference case which was held here. It was a case about Trask's Mill, in which I took no interest, but it gave me an opportunity I had long desired, to see Col. Timothy Pickering, who was one of the referees, being in Salem, on a visit from the South. I had heard much of him, when politics was discussed at our house, as the friend and associate of Gen. Washington, and enjoying the full confidence of that great man. Mr. Pickering has strongly marked features, which suggest to my mind the idea that he looks like an old Roman. He commanded a regiment at the time of the fight at Breed's Hill, which halted here on its march to Charlestown. He pointed out the precise spot. The other referees were Dr. Samuel Holten, a member of Congress, and Capt. Gideon Foster, a leader of Minute Men at the beginning of the late war.

This court caused a great gathering of idlers, boys and negroes, as well as full grown men, who used the occasion for fun and sport. Foremost in these sports I observed two active lads about ten years of age, in whom I took so much interest as to ask their names. I found that one of them, named John, was the son of Col. Pickering, and the other, whose name was Joseph, was a son of Dr. Story of Marblehead. They are both preparing, although so young, for college. Were I called upon to conjecture the future career of these bright youths, I should say that John would be the more sedate and closer student, while Joseph, with less application, will make a greater show in the world.

I had a call yesterday from the minister of the parish, good Parson Holt, as his people love to call him. I was at first not disposed to grant him audience, although I have a partiality for the clerical profession, my father belonging to it, as well as dear Mr. Buckminster, whose name I cannot write without a swelling breast and scalding tears. I at last consented to see Mr. Holt, rather as a compliment to Mrs. Symonds, who holds him in high esteem, as do also the whole parish. He was very polite and complaisant, and not inquisitive.

His call was brief but agreeable, and enlivened by pleasant anecdotes. It was abridged by the visit of Rev. Mr. Prince, a young minister from Salem seeking for an exchange of pulpits. Mrs. Symonds says of Mr. Holt that he is singularly abstemious, requiring no other beverage but good cider of which he is very fond. She also says that he is quite hospitable and has always on his side board the best of Jamaica and Hollands, as well as good French Brandy, to offer to his ministerial brethren. When Mr. Holt was settled he was supposed to be an Arminian, but now it is thought that he leans towards Socinianism.

Two or three days since I took a walk about a half mile

towards Salem to make a few little purchases at a draper's shop. I found the prices generally lower for hard money, than we pay at New Haven or Hartford. I bought very good nankeen for three pence a yard and other goods in proportion. Mr. Shillaber, the young shopkeeper, is very talkative, and abounds in proverbial sayings. He is, moreover, quite eloquent in praise of his goods. He appears to be a fair dealer, although he likes to receive hard money and pay back change in Old Tenor.

Accustomed, as I have always been at home, to keep Saturday night strictly as holy time, I was a great deal surprised last Saturday evening to see my landlady busily employed about her household affairs, knitting and doing other work, just as if it were not a breaking of the fourth commandment. It seemed to me to be so improper, if not wicked, that I could not forbear making some remark about it. My landlady assured me that the holy time was reckoned here to begin at 12 o'clock Saturday night and end at 12 o'clock Sunday night. It seems rather strange to me that holy time should begin here twelve hours later than at New Haven. It puzzled me so much that I asked Mrs. Southwick, the Quakeress, about it, and she shocked me more than ever by saying that *all* time was holy! A very strange remark, but worth considering.

* * * * *

I have been looking over this gossiping narrative and have half a mind not to send it, especially as its chief end is accomplished by diverting my thoughts awhile from my dreadful secret. If it is to go to-day it must be posted at once, as this is one of the post days. As I look out of the window I see the post rider coming in with his precious burden, and I trust he may be the bearer of tidings from my dear friend Lucy. Excuse me if I caution you to use good sealing wax, and to be careful in the folding of your letters, so much depends on the secrecy of their contents. Perhaps at some future time a way may be devised to protect the letters of friends from prying curiosity.

Most affectionately yours,

ELIZABETH.

☞ We shall issue with the fourth number of To-day, an original song called the "Rose of May," the Music by E. C. Cheever of this city.

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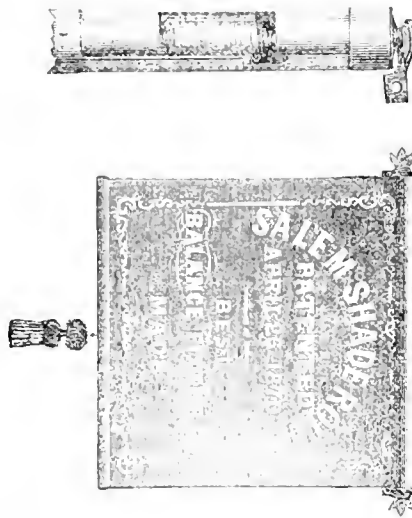
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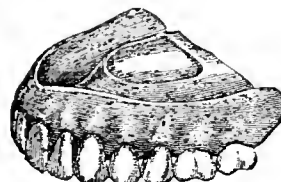
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THE TRACY HOUSE, State street, Newburyport, was built a century since, by Mr. Patrick Tracy, for the use of his son. Nathaniel Tracy made his home famous, through his great wealth and large hospitality. Later the house became a place of interest by having as its guests Washington, Lafayette, Talleyrand, Louis Philippe and other distinguished persons.

Like some of its visitors, however, the house experienced the vicissitudes of fortune. At one time used as a tavern; then having its old splendor revived, under a new owner; afterward falling to renting out, until it passed into the hands of a committee having in charge a fund for the purchase of a library building. The deed stipulates that the building be used "for the City Library, and for the reception of suitable objects of science and art." The same year (1865) the mansion was refitted, and on January 1, 1866, the library was reopened to the public.

Early in the present year, a former citizen of Newburyport, made an offer toward the establishment of a Free Public Reading Room. The gift was accepted, and by the generosity of this gentleman and by donations from other persons, at home and abroad, sixty-one magazines and newspapers are entirely free to citizens above sixteen years of age. This Reading Room, occupying half the first floor of the library building, was opened July 1st, 1870, and now exhibits seven hundred names upon its record of visitors, with about one hundred readers, daily.

Thus a place venerable for its past, is made doubly interesting by its connection with present public benefits.

THE FAIR.

BY A SURVIVOR.

Oh! a wonderful place is the Institute Fair
And held in a wondrous Hall;
And if its beauties to view you care
By night or by day you may venture there,
And its doors stand open to all.

And many wondrous sights can there be seen,
And all that is rich and rare;
Midst splendors untold you may thread your way
Through acres of worsted, and light crochet,
At that Essex Institute Fair.

And there on the floor of that wondrous Hall,
Many a table is standing;
And whether you're early or whether you're late,
There's many a damsel lies in wait,
Your money and purse demanding.

And whoso looks with glances rash,
In their eyes with mischief dancing,
Straightway he is held in a magic bond,
And as if he were touched by a fairy's wand,
He yields to their wiles entrancing.

And in vain to their pity you make appeal
For they've never the least compunction,
And they'll tell you they really have done no sin,
For being a stranger they've taken you in,
And obeyed the scripture injunction.

And I went last night to that wonderful Fair
To see what fashions were going;
And I wandered about midst that brilliant throng,
I sauntered late and I loitered long,
To my complete undoing.

And I listened to hear what charming lips
In accents soft were saying;
And I looked till my eyes with rapture burned
And I thought — for my head was well-nigh turned,
That in Paradise I was straying.

And I once had money and cash to spare,
And stocks of a fair quotation,
And I once could open my purse with an air,
As of one who had still some greenbacks there,
Though of modest denomination.

But the name of that time is the Long Ago
Now vanished in thinnest air;
Before through those tables I took my way,
And became of those damsels the sport and play,
At that Essex Institute Fair.

And now that I've told with a faltering tongue
The tale that I've had to tell,
I bid to the scenes of that wondrous Hall,
To the tables, and raffles, and ladies all
A long and a best Farewell.

D. F.

A STROLL ABOUT PISA.

It happened to be my good fortune to be at Pisa with a friend or two on one of the loveliest Autumnal days, that I have ever known. It was a calm, bright, beautiful, windless day, with that clear depth of blue, transparent atmosphere, for which an Italian sky is famous. The snow capped mountains that looked down upon the old city were "bright and glistening" in the clear sunlight. It was one of those indescribable days, when all nature seems to be at rest, and even the bustling, striving, careful life of man is checked and soothed into a temporary repose. We wandered about among the architectural wonders of the place, marvelling at and admiring the patience, the skill, and the genius with which the builders were possessed.

Here is the building known as the Leaning Tower. It is the bell-tower of the Cathedral, standing as is the custom, detached from the main edifice, and bearing a chime of seven bells. It is round in form, composed of eight stories of colonnades, supported by columns to the number of one hundred and seven. Its height is about one hundred and ninety feet, and it inclines from the perpendicular about thirteen feet. Whether this has happened from the sinking of the soil during its construction, or from the design of the builder, is not known and does not seem to be of much consequence. There is nothing in the style of the building to prove either the one proposition or the other. Judging from analogy, it would seem that the inclination of the tower was contemplated. In the city of Bologna are two square leaning towers of brick, both of which are built in that way by design. If the foundation of the tower at Pisa had settled after the commencement of the building, it would appear, as though such an untoward event would have effectually stopped the work. For every course of stone must thereafter have been laid with the sense of imminent peril to all engaged upon the labor. No man builds in the apprehension that his building is to fall. However the case may be, the tower stands, and stands securely. The ringing of the heavy bells makes not the slightest vibration, and it would seem as though nothing less than an earthquake could move it from its base.

Opposite the other end of the Cathedral is the Baptistery, a high, octagonal building, containing little more than a font and pulpit. The interior is ornamented in fresco. In its aspect there is no particular or surpassing beauty. But the great charm of the Baptistery at Pisa is the wonderful echo, that seems to live in the lofty arches above, and sends down its sweet, heavenly voice, in response to every word uttered below. There is nothing that can approach it in Europe, for the music of its tones. The guide sings a few notes. In a moment, the dome is filled with invisible choirs of angels, repeating and completing the notes into a song of praise; now swelling in triumph, and now falling in soft, sweet cadences, as the music dies away. One stands in awe below, with heart and soul melted into admiration and reverence. Surely Heaven has opened its gates, and seraphic strains have floated down to earth!

A. W.

"EL POBRECITO."

DON.

STILL reclin'd in the shade, where the proud palace flung
Its broad, dark, shadow o'er the neighboring sty,
A beggar lay—bright-eyed, stout-limbed and young.—
"Por Dios, Señor," was the piteous cry
That lent his lips, to every passer-by.

His up-thrust arm youth's glorious outline knew;
Through all their dirt, his limbs were smooth and round.
Health and full strength, and wondrous beauty, too,
Blessed that young beggar, whining on the ground,
As whines, beneath the lash, some suppliant hound.

Save the dark mantle—prone on which he lay—
Filthy with dirt and more alive than he,
But few foul rags, with which the light winds play,
Forbade the eye each fair detail to see
Of what, but for his sloth, a noble man might be.

Through the Escorial's open portal strode
A haughty Noble—haughty, poor and proud.
And, save the "blue blood" in his veins that flowed,
Not one whit richer than the clamorous crowd
That dogged his steps, and cried for alms aloud.

The lazy beggar watched him striding by
And slowly raised, from off the ground, his head.—
Held out his hand, and whined his piteous cry:
The Noble eyed him on his squalid bed,—
Dropped his last real, and, in passing, said—
"El pobrecito."

Ah! proud descendant of those knights of old,
Whose high crests topped the battle's bloodiest tide,
Whose feats of arms in loftiest verse are told,
Who led their vassals, by their monarch's side,—
Of what was theirs what, now, is yours—but pride?

Art thou not beggared of all, save their name,—
Is not thy pride but guarded by thy fears?
They earned right nobly all they chose to claim,
And feel their pride amid the shock of spears,
Scorning, as worse than death, a coward's fear-bought years.

In other lands, the noble leads the way,
As did his fathers whose proud name he wears,
In war or peace, in council or in fray,
First 'mid the foremost is the crest he bears,—
But, when he looks on thee, he mutters, as he stares,
"El pobrecito."

And thou, fair Spain, once, foremost of the Earth,
Mistress of half of this, our western shore,
Where are the heroes, statesmen, that found birth
Beneath thy skies, and thy proud banner bore
Through unknown seas, to lands unknown before?

To-day, a nation, that was once so great,
Begs of the world to find for it a king,—
Too lost to all its greatness to debate
Within, and for itself what Fate may bring,—
But hears the nations sneer, as the poor boon they fling,—
"La pobrecilla."

There was a young female at Wenham
Dreamed verses but never could pen 'em.
She put on a blue dress,
Sent and called the express,
And expressed herself thus about Wenham.

There was a young creature at Ipswich
Much troubled with chaps on her lips, which
Her parents annoyed,
And their peace quite destroyed—
Extraneous young creature at Ipswich.

SONG

Rose of May,

—BY—

E. C. CHEEVER.

ROSE OF MAY.

E. C. Cheever.

Allegro.

1. Pearly pink the flowers are coming, O - ver all the bramble bowers ;
2. Pearly pink the flowers are beaming, And an im-age there I trace ;

The first system of the musical score for 'Rose of May' is in 2/4 time, marked 'Allegro'. It features a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The system contains four measures of music.

Birds are singing, bees are humming, For the birthday of the flowers.
Who can wonder I am dreaming, Of my loved one's gen-tle face.

rall con canto.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody from the first system. It also features a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. The system contains four measures of music. The key signature remains one sharp (F#). The tempo marking 'rall con canto.' is present at the end of the system.

OLD SALEM.

NO. III.

I turn now to the remembered tales of childhood, and will endeavor to give a slight sketch of the early Salem Assemblies, which were held originally at the rooms in Federal street, afterwards altered to a charming dwelling house, and occupied by Judge Putnam, whose family filled, through many years, an important place in our social life, and left a corresponding gap when it went, among our first pioneers of the Second Exodus to Boston. During the winter season these balls were sufficiently numerous to satisfy the merry young people, and would seem to have been conducted on principles of philanthropy which might well amaze the more selfish elegance of a modern ball room. The evening's amusement began at six o'clock. First in order came the draw-dances, which were to give every person present two or three opportunities to share in the pleasure, for which they helped to pay. The manager, arrayed in black coat, voluminous white neckcloth, black knee breeches, silk stockings and pumps, standing where all eyes might fix themselves in deferential gaze, then called in sonorous voice, "Number one—a lady," and number one took her place at the top of the room, a little anxious about number one, a gentleman, who directly on being called took his stand opposite to the lady, and soon the lines were filled. At a stamp of that trimly dressed foot, the music struck up and away went the head couple, vigorous and elastic. Dancers danced in those times; it would pass the power of modern heart to conceive the agility and dexterity with which feet, *et cetera*, were used. Traditions have floated down to us of brisk young gentlemen occasionally bounding into chairs and the pirouettes, flie-flacs and pigeon wings, introduced into the perpetual motion of an old-fashioned contré dance, made a sight worth seeing.

After the draw-dances came the voluntaries—reels and contré dances—in due proportion, and the stately grace of the minuet tempering gaiety, with a dash of dignity. On the lady at the head devolved the duty of ordering the dance, and when our letter writer once called for "Drops of Brandy," she found that nobody but herself and her partner from Boston had ever partaken of the seductive potion. The music was peculiar, and the figures were intricate, and as they could get nobody to help them, they accomplished the entire job, while all the others stood amazed by the audacity of the proceeding. The dress worn on this occasion was an exceedingly scant gold muslin, with a very short waist, yellow kid slippers, with round toes and slashes across, below the instep, and long white kid gloves, nearly meeting the sleeves, which were not much to speak of. A comfortable supper was served at ten o'clock, and at midnight the revellers went home, and were probably sound asleep long before the hour at which the main interest of modern parties commences.

And now, if the space were left to me, I would gladly touch upon another period, when Salem, at the close of the war, was as comfortable a place to live in, as could be found in America. It was wealthy, industrious, intellectual, and independent in theory and practice. The young

folks of the preceding years were married, and bringing up their children to fill their places when they were done with them. Social intercourse was delightful, as there were great readers, deep thinkers, and good talkers, in large number. Invitations to parties were not written, but sent by domestics, or more frequently by the children of the family, as being more easily spared, and occasionally the style was modified by the taste of the messengers, as for instance, when Jim Thornton, chores-man, thought it suitable to announce that "Miss P. wanted Mr. and Miss D., and the whole bilsie on 'em to drink tea with her." I warrant the desired guests did not trouble themselves much about trifles, and doubtless went and had a good time. The average size of evening parties was from thirty to fifty; the company began to come at seven and began to go at ten. York Morris, with a dexterity peculiar to himself, handed round huge trays of tea and coffee, pound and sponge cake, thin, crisp sugar gingerbread and milk biscuits, and the ladies, with those gentlemen who chose to come early, did ample justice to the feast. The majority of the men wandered in from the offices at half past eight or nine, in season for the custards and blanc-mange, whips and creams, sangaree and Madeira. The ladies sat in circles, the gentlemen moving round, pausing in front of those with whom they wished to converse, and sometimes getting a chance at a chair. Conversation was general whenever the assembly was small enough to admit of it; no going into corners, no tête-à-tête's; keen wit, good natured argument, and sound sense, never flagged; men liked to visit, and had a laudable pride in making themselves as delightful as possible. There was John Pickering, lawyer and philologist, polished in manner, courteous of address, ready for the occasion; Henry Pickering, refined in taste, poetic in nature, with the soul of an artist, and heart of a true gentleman; Laverett Saltonstall, intelligent, musical, generous and cordial; Nathaniel Saltonstall, full of drollery, bubbling over with fun, kindly to all, and the especial favorite of the young folks; Dudley L. Pickman, keen as blade of Damascus, faithful in friendship, and an absolute genius in financial matters; Judge White, who devoted the leisure hours of his professional life to the reading and study which made him so desirable a companion; Pickering Dodge, the energetic merchant, always in a hurry, never stopping to rest, whose quaint sayings doubled themselves in oddity, because like Charles Lamb, he uttered them through the medium of hesitancy of speech; one was tempted to suspect him of doing it on purpose! Judge Putnam, kindly and honorable, with open hearted and handed hospitality. Ben. Merrill, the witty old bachelor; John G. King, elegant scholar and keen talker; Colonel Pickman, gentleman of the old school; Humphrey Devereux, whose mind enriched by travel in Europe, not then so common as now, was further matured by culture at the college he so dearly loved; Dr. Bowditch, with a charming simplicity equalled only by his great learning; Timothy Pickering, the upright statesman and firm friend, full of revolutionary anecdote, incapable of a low sentiment, or a mean action. Many others there were, as well skilled in the amenities of life: the Silsbees, Whites, Crowninshields, Judge Story, Barstows, etc. Some of these gentlemen were noted for

their elegant dinner parties, at which the heads of government, distinguished politicians, and members of the foreign diplomatic corps were often entertained, while the great balls for which they not infrequently opened their houses, were much lauded in their day and generation.

Nor must the women of the age be forgotten. There was an urbane stateliness from which the elders seldom departed, and as in those days, society, not "Germans," had leaders, it was well that the acknowledged rulers should have authority to temper the vivacity of the young folks. Who could ignore the presence of a lady attired in crimson merino gown and turban; or perchance black or rich colored silk, embroidered collar, trimmed with thread lace, and brows wreathed with snowy muslin? Young people knew their places then, and so, to do them justice, did the older ones, and kept them, too, yet these dignified dames seldom wore their starch very stiff, and might still be seen at the head of the now occasional *contré* dance. Looking back through the vanished years, I suppose that their stockings may have had a little bluing in them, but the decorous length of the petticoats prevented undue disclosures, and they were so well balanced between their household duties and the culture of their minds, that we must unhesitatingly class them among the best productions of the time. The gracious kindness with which they sent their children with election cake to some old dependent or reduced gentlewoman, the Thanksgiving pies and puddings bestowed with the turkey or chickens on the more favored pensioners, their many charities, their considerate kindnesses, fill up this picture of the Salem ladies of other days, and I trust you have received some idea of the charming originals. Of course there were a few specimens of stupid or silly women, but there was a wonderful knack of keeping them out of the way. They were not invited and then ridiculed; they were left to their own devices.

Those who once shone in that society, are now all gone; most of them died in the abounding wealth of virtue, intellect, and household worth; died ere age had dimmed the brightness of the eye, or abated the vigor of the mind; a few lingered to happy old age; children and grandchildren cherish the precious memories which alone remain of those who made the little town a pleasant dwelling place, and here and there, in my wanderings from the dear old home, I meet with a gallant octogenarian who can recall the vision of Salem's daughters as they existed, loving and beloved, half a century ago.

M. C. D. S.

"Consistency 's a jewel," first appeared originally in Murtagh's Collection of Ancient English and Scotch Ballads, 1754. In the ballad of "Jolly Robyn Roughhead," are the following lines, in which it appears:—

Tush! tush! my lassie! such thoughts resign,
Comparisons are cruel;
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine,
Consistency 's a jewel.
For thee and me coarse clothes are best,
Rude folks in lonely raincoat dress,
Wife Joan and Goodman Robyn,

THE AFFLICTED WIDOWER.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GILBERT.)

IN Poitou once, I name the place in season,
That any who desire
May for themselves inquire,
And no one may have reason,
As many do, the story's truth to doubt,
If not quite true some slight details turn out
In Poitou, once, a man attended
The funeral of his consort, who had died;
But please take notice, this was in Poitou;
Where funerals are not so splendid,
Nor pass with such parade and pomp and pride
As among us they do.
The corpse in haste with linen shroud they cover,
Lift up the bier, without a cloth thrown over,
And bear it to its destined place,
E'en so they bore it in the present case,
But what took place while thus they bore the bier?
Attend, and you shall hear:
The road the funeral took went by a hedge,
A thorn projecting o'er the edge
Made a deep scratch in the dead lady's chin,
Amazed they see her all at once begin
To open wide her eyes,
And, "whither do you carry me?" she cries,
But how I seem to hear the questions rise)
Came the good lady back to life?
And did the man, too, for a blessing reckon
His getting back again the wife,
Whom an untimely death from him had taken?
What were his feeling at this singular turn?
On this last point the truth you soon shall learn.
Scarcely seven years had passed away,
A second time she forfeits her young life,
The man again a funeral makes that day,
And walks composedly beside his wife,
As all hard country people do.
But when the well known hedge came into view,
Ah, then, he showed what grief his heart had kept.
He wrung his hands, and wept,
"Ah, heavens!" he cried, 'twas here, 'twas here!
Right by that hedge! don't go too near!"

C. T. B.

SALEM BOYS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Fifty years ago! Who that was a boy then, can do otherwise than thrust his fingers through his hair (if he has any), or scratch his shiny pate (as is most likely to be the case), and with downcast eyes soliloquize, "Am I so old!"

A word concerning the circumstances which fifty years ago moulded the character of Salem boys. For a half dozen years or more after the close of the "war of 1812," not only were the minds of the seniors a good deal affected by the events that had marked its continuance, but even the sports of the juniors took their form and spirit from the same sources. As a natural consequence the boys who had heard few topics discussed by their fathers and mothers, by day and by night—and on Sunday's more particularly—except those relating to battles by sea and by land, and at Marblehead, the boys, some of whom, accounted it an act of special bravery to have squinted over the guns of the old "America," as they were rauced as peacefully as a flock of sheep, along the fences at the head of Crowninshield's wharf. The boys carried as

much of the form and the "animus" of the late contest as they possibly could, into all their juvenile games and conflicts. Horace Greeley once remarked that the Yankees finding that there was no nation that could whip them, took hold and whipped themselves. However this may be, certain it is that party feuds, as bitter as ever prevailed between Highland and Lowland Scotch, prevailed in the City of Peace. During the summer season the facilities for bathing, so freely enjoyed in those happy times, every dock being a schoolboy's bathing tub, washed away every trace of animosity. But, in winter, when ammunition from the clouds (not, indeed, from the arsenal of the Gods), was abundantly furnished, then the hosts were drawn up in battle array, and deeds of prowess performed which the Gods of Greece and Rome, had they survived to this day, would have looked upon with delight. Looking back as we do, over an interval of fifty years, it is amusing to see with our more experienced eyes, with what precocious skill the battles of our childhood were planned, fought and won, or lost. Skirmishers were thrown out,—oftentimes a "reconnaissance in force"—the "tug of war"—the advance of the "reserve" by some lateral street, the sullen retreat—the shouts of victory. It might often have been said, "The combat thickens," especially when the snow-ball, the legitimate missile, proving in adequate, recourse was had to lumps of ice, and even the *aiterille* of brickbats. The battles were not always bloodless. "*Innumeri sanguine fossæ*;" and this reminds us of an apt quotation of one of our boys, who, as a discomfited party, rushing into a house in A—w street were thrust out, amid a shower of snow-balls by the sturdy dame who occupied it, cried out "*Non clustra tegunt jam munit Teucros*." The unfortunate woman would have found it a difficult question, whether she most marked the "soft falling snow," or was marked by it."

It is a curious fact that fifty years ago the minds of Salem boys turned almost instinctively in the direction of the sea. Most of their fathers and brothers were, or had been, engaged in maritime pursuits, or were in some way directly connected with the commerce of Salem. It was great sport for the boys assembled on the Common, to unite in a game called "Blancanara," after some foreign piratical craft. In the dusk of the evening, a small number of boys having been detailed to act as pirates, the remainder dispersed themselves about the Common, within a reasonable distance of the place called the Goal. The pirates, as cruisers, would start out after the others, and, when seen by them, the fact would be communicated to the fleet, by the cry "Speronero," or "Blancanara," and all would start to make a harbor at the goal. The sport would have been very tame, but for this circumstance. Over a considerable space in front of the goal, tufts of grass would be brought together and tied, leaving an opening sufficiently large to admit a foot, and thus suddenly tripping up the boy who was endeavoring to "make a harbor." As these dangers were known to exist in the "passage in," some caution was necessary, and so the rate of sailing was impeded. It thus became a question of recklessness between the pursuer and the pursued. The captured party became an ally of the pirates.

That these games, so peculiar, and now utterly obsolete,

did something in forming the character of those who have now passed the threescore mile-stone, no one can doubt. The Grecian games wrought wonderful results in both the outer and inner man, for those who witnessed, as well as those who shared in them. May it not be that a little of that "spunk" which was exhibited by the Salem boys in the late war of the Rebellion, can be traced to these mimic, but not always bloodless battles? B.

A FIELD OF GRASS.

A sea of verdure, where the frolic wind
Rushes and bathes with ever new delight;
A scented bath, where honeysuckles bend
And airy nymphs of butterflies alight.

O, sweeter than the scented baths of old!
Hemmed in by walls and roof of changing blue;
Where fragrant weeds 'mid dew drops fresh unfold,
Where buttercups show bright their glowing gold;
Pleased rests the eye, though humble be the view.

Through the soft, rustling spires, the playful wind
Like some sweet music-strain is running round,
And fancy bids the thought a Song to find,
Song without words and scarce without a sound.

A dreaminess that tells the soul of peace—
The insects happy lives that breathe content,
Their piping sounds of praise that never cease,
Like man's, unmindful for the blessings lent.

O Field of Grass! the wooing summer wind
Tells thee his secrets gathered far and wide;
Around thee seeks his gentle arms to bind,
And closely fold thee in on every side.

And when the mower's scythe shall lay thee low,
Thy dying breath in fragrance shall arise;
E'en as the soul of man should humbly bow,
And yield Submission's breath 'mid sacrifice!

LYDIA L. A. VERT.

There was a bad boy at Methuen,
And what do you think he was doing?
Why he sat on the fence,
And threw apple-cores thence
At the staid passers by of Methuen!

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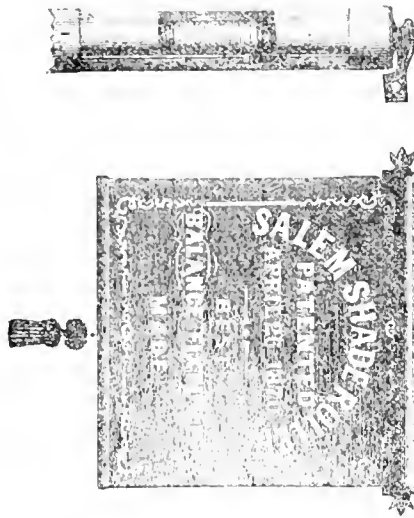
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 Silk - en leaves the spring un - fold-ing, Bright and beautiful are they,

rall.

Where the fair - est flow'rs unfold - ing, Is the ten - der rose of May,
 For the tho'ts of her they're holding, Her I call my rose of May.

rall con canto.

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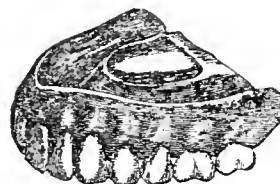
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and others, whose names are, at their request, withheld

OUR RIVER.

Twice a day comes up the tide
Hurrying from the ocean,
Bringing to the meadow-side
Sparkle and commotion.
Twice a day the land's alive
With its gleam and quiver;
Then the backward ebb will drive
Home the truant river.

Many a merrier streamlet sings
Down the mountain courses;
But the drought may send those springs
In their cloudy sources.
Twice a day this river's filled
High above all dolefulness;
And, 'till Ocean's pulse is stilled
She shall share his fulness.

She's a daughter of the Sea,
Weary of home-plendor,
Running to the hills, to be
Hid by shadows tender;
Whispering yet, along her flight,
Snatches of his story;
Trailing, on blue breaths of light
His abundant glory.

Twice a day the shores are glad
With their guest so royal;
Twice a day she leaves them sad:
Desolate, yet loyal.
Tides that go will come again; —
Glimmering ripples shiver
Hark, the music of the main!
Inland flows our river!

VISIT TO THE OUTFLOW OF THE

VOLCANIC ERUPTION OF MAUNA LOA INTO THE SEA,

AT HAWAII, IN OCTOBER, 1870.

RICHARD H. DANA, JR.

THE islands are much excited over an eruption of Manna Loa, on Hawaii, and its striking phenomenon of an outflow to the sea.

As a visit to Hawaii is part of my plan, I hasten it a little, lest I be too late for the sight. The 5th of October I take passage in a little native schooner, for Kawaihae; and after rolling about for several days, in the long heavy swell of the Pacific, in dead calms, so near Lahaina, that an hour's row would have set us ashore there, and enduring, as well as I could for five days the smells of the crowded natives and their food, we came to anchor off a beach in the north-western corner of Hawaii.

Here is a temple, or huge altar, a large pile of coral stones, with no roof, terraced down to the plain, built by Kamehameha the First, in his days of heathenism. I roamed about the spot, enjoying the unspeakable beauty of the tropical seashores, and temperature, until evening, when I engaged a native boat to take me to the outflow. Never can I forget the charm of this night. If you have never been on an island of the Pacific tropics, read the first two stanzas of Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters," and fancy may fill the place of experience.

In the afternoon they came into a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem."

The "slumbrous foam" broke in sheets, lazily, over the outposts of coral reefs, the moonlight waved upon the long swell, the gentle trade-wind breathed over us an exquisite breath, neither hot nor cold, and our little boat, with its keeled outrigger, moved over the fairy scene in silence, the bow scarce making a ripple against the silvered surface of the sea.

When the wind raises itself a little, as it does, ever and anon, a native lies out at his length on the outrigger, and so keeps the boat on an even keel. A drowsiness comes over us all, which is broken as soon as we round the point, and the glaring fires of the volcano burst upon our view.

But, how different is this from all views of volcanoes of which I have ever read! The crater, from which this outflow comes, is forty miles from the sea, and some ten or

twelve thousand feet above it. There is a lurid light above the spot seen in the heavens, and reflected over land and sea; but there is no eruption at the crater into the air. There is only a steady flow of deep, wide streams of lava. These move at a very slow rate, and find their way, by dint of good engineering, to the sea. They pour into a valley for days until they have filled it to the height of its outer hillside, and then hurry in fierce and rapid tumult down its sides, until they bridge a river, with burning, hissing streaks, or gully out an obstruction, or, after long debate, make up their mind to go round it, although it shall delay them for days. In this slow way the mass travels seaward, now in one vast stream, of one, two or three miles wide, and now in detachments. All who have seen a course of lava know how soon its fiery red, left in repose, crusts over with a slate-colored scum, and how soon this crust, if unbroken, cools and hardens, so as to be passable on foot. These processes had been at work on this stream so long that no uniform course was visible to the eye. But long lines of miles in length were crusted and hardened over, the lava flowing under this surface; and here and there, like ranges of potteries in Staffordshire seen at night, the red spots appeared, looking like little long lakes of crimson water.

The outflow into the sea, had already worked wonders. It had filled up a harbor, worked itself out in the form of moles and breakwaters, made new harbors, and new reefs and headlands, all the while burning and hissing at its vast, titanic labors. The space occupied by the outflow, was about three miles in width. Not that a sheet of lava three miles wide, was always flowing into the sea; but that was the width given up to its operations. Sometimes, for minutes together, there was no flow along the entire line. Then, overcoming the opposing mass of rocks, earth, and trees, it had borne along and heaped up before it the lava mounted over it, and poured itself into the tranquil sea, hissing and steaming, with continuous explosions, as of fire-arms and small artillery, and sending up into the air, steadily rising clouds of vapor. Then this effort subsides; this spot becomes quiet; and the assaulting force breaks over at the other end of the long line. Sometimes several points are stormed and carried at once, by the blood-red invader of the sea, with rattling and roaring of musketry and artillery, and rising clouds of vapor. Old Ocean feels the unwonted heat, far out into its depth. I went as near it as I could persuade the natives to take their boat. They were afraid, partly, no doubt, from the remains of their old superstitions. Peli, the Goddess of wrath, had her seat on this mountain top, and the eruptions of her fury, carried terror into the hearts of the people. Peli is still, under their christian civilization, the name for a volcano, as our own word is derived from Vulcan. They pretended that the heat of the water would injure the boat, and open her seams, and I was obliged to stay at, perhaps, a safer distance. Putting my hands over the gunwale, I found the water warm, and at times as hot as I could comfortably bear it.

For hours, I lay rocking in the little boat, in silence, for the natives did not speak, giving myself up to the impressions of this wonderful scene,—wonderful in its display of the power and grandeur of physical forces in their conflicts—wonderful in the combination of wrathful vehemence

ment action on land, with the magnificent repose of the great ocean; the short space given up to the contest; the long, dimly traceable line of march of the lava, its occasional camp fires burning along its course, from the red crater, so far in the inland; and all under the canopy of a tropical night, of moon and stars, and gentle winds, mountains, hills, and valleys, where the strange forms of palms and cocoa trees are visible;

“And in the heavens that clear-obscure
So deeply dark, and darkly pure;”

until the approach of dawn made me release the weary natives from their unwelcome duty; and we glided away from the supernatural scene, around a high point, through reefs of tumbling foam, coming, at daybreak, into the quiet haven of ancient Kailua.

TO-DAY, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1870.

VALE! VALE!

Our work is over. And we cannot leave the chair, without a word of thanks to our coadjutors.

First, to contributors. Their kindness has surprised us. Whatever have been our short comings we have not come short of copy. We have many articles of decided merit left, which, unless otherwise directed, we will make over to the “Grand Army Fair” for publication in their paper.

Next, to the press. The very cordial and general notice which our efforts have called forth, were encouraging in the extreme. When gentlemen who could be critical prefer to be complimentary, the fact testifies as much to their goodness of heart as to our merits.

Finally, to our Readers. We have done what we could for them, under the limitations of inexperience and of want of space and facilities. For the enlightenment of the curious we will say that “Peggy Bligh’s Voyage” as well as the verses on “Bass River,” were from Miss Lucy Larcom; that “Old Salem” was contributed by Mrs. Nathaniel Silsbee; and that Miss Lunt’s contributions were “My Neighbor Atkins” and “The Tracy House;” and Fitch Poole’s, the letter attributed to Eliza Wharton.

We turn the last sheet and To-day is done.

OLD SALEM.

NO. IV.

In this, my fourth and last number, I shall try to bring before you, some of the distinguished inhabitants of Salem, many of them eminent for learning, more of them noted for peculiarity of thought and action, and flush with a goodly collection of odds and ends. First, in Quaker suit, comes Abijah Northey, Selectman, whose beautiful address to George Washington, when he honored Salem by a visit, was more eloquent than many a longer speech:—“Friend Washington, I am glad to see thee, and in the name of the inhabitants of Salem, I give thee a hearty welcome.” Next appears the Rev. Dr. Prince, about whose ordination there was some demur, because

his health was delicate, and he probably could not live long, but who survived to bury every man who settled him. In clerical trim of shovel hat, coat with long wide skirts, knee breeches, broad flapped waist-coat, black silk or worsted stockings and buckled shoes, he rises to the memory of all who ever saw him. His blue eyes shone with intelligence, his thick hair was combed back from the high forehead, and rolled in a stiff curl, looking like a wig, which it was not. In gown, cassock and bands, with black silk gloves, duly ripped at the fingers, he was a perfect representative of a parson of the old school. A kndlier man never lived; he was a profound theologian, a scientific philosopher, the originator of valuable improvements in the mounting of the telescope, for which he made the brass work, and finished it on his eightieth birth day. He contributed in a large degree, to the beauty of the kaleidoscope, aided in the construction of the diurnal microscope, and the "American Air Pump" owed its creation to his skill, but as his modesty was as great as his learning was profound, he allowed to others all the credit due to himself, and content with usefulness, never sought for fame. Once in a while, when an important instrument was on the eve of completion, or a new invoice of books was just received, he has been known to forget the long prayer, but the children of the parish were glad, and I don't think the seniors deeply regretted it. He has been heard to pray that vacant ministers might be supplied with parishes, and he has endeavored to alter the design of the lugubrious Thursday in April, by reading a proclamation for illumination, etc. He once requested the choir to sing a chapter of Matthew, and apologized for not attending the wedding of one of his young lambs, by regretting that he was not able to be present at her funeral; yet he was a sincerely devout man, and those who knew and loved him, were well aware of the great amount of wisdom and goodness packed under that queer hat and waistcoat.

A notable personage during and after the war of 1812, was the Rev. Wm. Bentley, pastor of the East Church; all his energies were devoted to the service of his God and his country. He was a walking Polyglot dictionary, an eminent antiquarian, a devoted parish minister, and supplied the republican journals of the day with articles in support of the government. He preached allegiance from his pulpit, and on several occasions dismissed his hearers, who at his suggestion "went" to fight, while none "remained to pray." One fine Sunday, some of the watchful inhabitants reported that the British frigates blockading the port, were in hot pursuit of an American vessel, supposed to be in the merchant service. Two of the parishioners immediately drove over the Marblehead road, and had not gone far when they met a horseman galloping to Salem to ask for men and cannon to protect the Constitution. The chaise was turned, and the requisition made: the East Church sent its members to join the church militant, and Dr. Bentley went with them, but old Iron Sides was safe in the friendly harbor before they reached the scene of action.

When the tidings of the safety of Baltimore and the death of the British general were announced to the anxious worshippers during divine service, the Pastor, after pausing to listen to the messenger of glad tidings, rever-

ently lifted his eyes and hands to Heaven, exclaiming with a loud, exultant voice, "glory to God! glory to God!" and he probably never felt greater thankfulness than he did for this signal preservation of his beloved country from imminent danger.

There was a strongly marked individuality among the members of the East Society. One of the parishioners was a man of note and influence, with a large amount of chivalric generosity which made him the hero of this story. When Lawrence and Ludlow were killed on board the Chesapeake, Mr. George Crowninshield chartered and victualled the ship *Henry*, to sail for Halifax to request the surrender of our brave dead. The courtesy of the British authorities not only granted the demand, but bestowed great hospitality on the whole ship's company; the bodies were brought to Salem, and buried with all the honors, and the funeral ceremonies were attended by a vast concourse of townsfolk and strangers. A few years later the beautiful *Cleopatra's* barge was built by Mr. Crowninshield. She was the first American yacht, and he sailed across the Atlantic in her, touching at numerous ports, and receiving visits from the inhabitants of many lands. There is now in the possession of a member of the family, a miniature likeness of the first Napoleon, presented to the gallant sailor by "Madame Merè." The famous privateer *America* was owned by members of the Society, and I have no doubt that her safety was devoutly prayed for, and her successes thankfully acknowledged by the Pastor, if not in the Pulpit, at least in the recesses of his own heart.

Two anecdotes of Dr. Bentley have come to me, illustrating both his noble and eccentric qualities. For the first I was indebted to the late and lamented Gov. Andrew; for the second, to an eye witness of undoubted accuracy.

Once upon a time a poor French woman lay on her death-bed in Salem. She could not speak or understand a word of English, and there was not a Roman Catholic priest in the place to shrive the parting soul and administer the last sacred rites of her religion. But our good clergyman was not apt to "pass on the other side," and in this case the priest was also the Samaritan. He came to her, speaking the dear accents of her native land, heard her confession, gave absolution, and did for her all that her church required. Then he told his friend, Bishop Cheverus, what he had done, and he said to him: "You have acted well, my brother, and with my whole heart I thank you for your deed of mercy." The second anecdote is rather an odd illustration of the sense of justice for which the good Doctor was famous. On the anniversary of a charitable society, the pulpit was occupied by Divines of the Orthodox persuasion; the Doctor sat in a pew at the opposite end of the church, making now and then a few running commentaries on the sermon. After the religious services were over, the deacons handed round the contribution boxes, and then deposited them under the pulpit stairs; but the Unitarian, bent on fair play, walked up the broad aisle, and seeking the boxes, mounted to the reverend clergy, and addressing them tersely, with "practice as you preach, gentlemen, practice as you preach," he stood his ground until they had recovered from their surprise and given their money. Dr. Bentley had a happy life and a sudden death; how his

friends esteemed and remembered him, these lines, written in 1862, when the children of the East Church met together on Christmas eve, will, perhaps, convey some idea:

"A few yet stand among us who can tell
Stories of him long mourned and loved so well.
The sunshine of his soul, the ready smile,
Wise saws the wintry evenings to beguile.
The well of learning that was never drained.
The simple life by wily arts unstained.
The love of country, second in his breast
Only to love of Him whose high behest
He humbly strove in all things to fulfil,
And merged his wishes in his Master's will.
Such man must be immortal; e'en though Death
Sudden and swift may snatch away the breath.
He still survives the tempest and the shock
Of earthly conflict—firm as Bentley's rock."

The Rev. James Flint, successor to Dr. Bentley, was for more than thirty years identified with the Sunday and every-day life of Salem. His reputation as a sermonist was high, and he was a poet, also, as the immortal ode of "Two hundred years ago," bears witness. His conversational powers were remarkable, and his wit was both sharp and genial. He was happy in a large circle of friends and admirers, and these lines followed the tribute to his predecessor, on the occasion alluded to above:

"Most who are here assembled can recall
The form of him the pastor of us all.
The kindly heart, the intellect profound,
The wit whose keenness seldom left a wound.
The little children whom he loved so well
Could many a tale of gentle kindness tell,
And foot-steps falling with their ceaseless din
Shall ne'er wear out the everlasting Flint."

Of the first ninety years of our centigenerian, Dr. Holveke, I am not able to say much: but the record would be one of a good and useful life. He was an eminent physician, a scholar, and a christian gentleman; and he certainly did one extraordinary thing, for he lived one year over the hundred, and received the homage of a public dinner on his last birth-day. His little, trim figure, clad in delicate, old-time vestments; his wrinkled face framed in a brown wig, while his steps were aided by a not very necessary cane, were seen on the streets until a short time before his death.

Dr. Treadwell, crusty, soft-hearted, eccentric, skilful—a profound thinker, a thorough Hebrew and Greek scholar, and an able commentator on the Scriptures, for which he derived material from the valuable theological library which he had collected. He would growl like a bear at anything that did not suit him, and shed tears of pure and tender feeling over the little children or the parents, who, in his homely, but expressive phrase, "slipped through his fingers." It was a sad day in Salem when the bells tolled for his sudden death.

Dr. Oliver, true gentleman, scientific musician, skilful optician, a finished scholar in elegant literature, a tremendous doser, who would have scared a homeopathist out of his senses. He piled on waistcoats according to the dictum of the thermometer, swelling or shrinking in strict accordance with the rise and fall of mercury. His universal courtesy disarmed all criticism, and I do not think he had an enemy in the world.

To every body owning up to his or her half century, the name of Miss Hetty Higginson is familiar: her labors extended over a period of forty years, and she was rather a specimen in excess of a quaint, old fashioned New England schoolm'am. Her punishments were queer but mild, her rewards peculiar to herself. She would divide a large strawberry among half a dozen good children, and she kept a commodity which she called a Bussee, *i. e.* a nice little girl to be kissed at discretion. She was a woman of remarkable intelligence and humor, and there never was just such another person created. She suited the exigencies of her time, and her reproduction, even in modified proportions, would be a moral impossibility.

The blind organist of the First Church, was one of the eccentricities of the town. He had little musical taste, less ear for time, and his manipulation of the organ, which was the unconscious object of his adoration, was, to say the least, extraordinary. The chief delight of his poor life was to tune pianos; he did it well, then petitioned to hold a skein of tangled silk for the ladies of the family to wind, and received a glass of wine and a silver dollar as his fee. After many years, the parishioners with all possible delicacy, removed him from his position, and a lady of the society wrote a *jeu d'esprit* on the occasion, in which she expressed a pious wish, that when his earthly pilgrimage was ended, he might strike a harp celestial, in the better land. A friend to whom it was lent, returned it with an additional stanza, which probably was nearer the ideal heaven of Charles Dolliver.

Kind lady! ask another boon.
For Dolliver the prayer recall!
May Heaven's harps be out of tune,
And he be there to tune them all.

Somewhere about 1818, when Manning's Stage Coaches were all the go, a shy, silent young man might have been seen officiating as clerk, in his uncle's office—that is, a sudden dropper in could have caught a glimpse of his coat tails, as he darted out of the opposite door. Perhaps in that very moment, dim visions of the beautiful creations of his genius, were gliding in veiled mystery before the poetic eye of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and a few years later some of his charming minor tales were written. Doubtless the quiet influences of his birth place did their appointed work, and although he left it in the morning of his brilliant day, Salem will always pride herself on this runaway son.

Who that has lived long enough in the City of Peace will fail to recall the wiry figure of irascible Pierre Charles Louvri r! During many years he was the sole instructor in French and music, and a most faithful one he was! How he scolded us for our blunders, and praised our smallest successes! All honor to the generous, impetuous little man who, in the land of his adoption, was never guilty of a base action or a mean thought. Faithful to his beloved France he was a valuable citizen of America, and always did what he could for the support of our most cherished institutions.

And now I will call for a select meeting of those who should not be omitted in these memories. Take your seat once more, gentle English Mrs. Spencer, on the side walk of Essex street with a basket of gibralters by your side. Soon we shall see you driving the little pony from

shop to shop, depositing in each your unrivalled candies. In a few years you will leave our New, for your old, England, dropping the mantle in your flight on William Pepper, who has proved himself somewhat disloyal in making gibralters, which are not "Salem." Come forward venerable John Remond, for so many years caterer to the old Salem assemblies, and purveyor for all the good dinners, public and private. Was there ever such a cook as Mrs. Remond, whose sweet manners were pleasant as the dainty dishes, transitory monuments to her enduring reputation!

Now form a procession to escort all my shadows. Step out Daniel Dutch, Deputy Sheriff: grope along George Mulet, blind trower; come from the auction room Mrs. Johnson: hide the leg of mutton under your sad colored cloak. Sarey Pease, Thanksgiving beggar; leave the "lower and upper shelf" gingerbread browning in the oven, Mrs. Molly Saunders: stump on, poor Pompey-no-legs, Debby Saco is coming; "Skilikallee" bring forth your primitive puppets: Johnny Gear's huge lips will salute you all in passing, and Miss Sally Downe is peering through the tumblers of sugar plums and rows of gingerbread animals in her shop window, with an expression on her wrinkled face a little more gracious than usual. They move onward; they have turned the corner. All gone and some of us will soon follow.

M. C. D. S.

A REMINISCENCE OF SCHOOL DAYS.

BY A SALEM SCHOOL GIRL.

THERE are plenty of people besides Salem school girls and boys, who remember "old marm Cairns," who lived, thirty years ago, near the corner of Cambridge and Essex streets. Large, but almost empty, was her abode, with some relics of ancient grandeur, and ample evidence of present poverty. She was fed, not indeed by ravens, but a daily loaf, and a most steady going milk man's unfailing visit, were the modern instrumentalities used by a kind Providence to supply her wants, and the moving human spirit to bring this most desirable result of daily bread to this decrepit, almost forsaken old wreck, was a gentlewoman in the neighborhood, whose sweet gentle dignity I well remember, who sowed the blessed seeds of kind words and acts, in her daily walk. I used to think this was the reason the roses and geraniums looked so bright in her windows in winter. I remember well hearing one of Salem's pattern house keepers say, as she stood gazing in admiration at her flower show, one very cold winter day, "Now which is the most beautiful, the diamond bright window pane, or the full blooming flowers?" Now this is not my "Marm Cairns" story: shall I ever get at it, not to say through it.

When ever I could, or her mood permitted, I delighted to stray into her forlorn old parlor—"front room," as she always, with great dignity, called it—and listen to her stories of old Salem days, and old Salem grandees, for she was bright and sharp, and in fact had a weird, withering wit, which often half frightened me then, and which I can go back to now, and see how piteous it sometimes was, for she seemed to realize what she was and what she had been, but she did not seem sorrowful or suffering. She would turn upon the world with a most unforgiving heart and a most bitter tongue; oftener her mood was mild and gay, with no pain in the present, and no fear for the future.

This afternoon she had gone through with the story of her centre table, "made of one slice of a tree, you see," she said, pointing her long, dingy, snuffy fingers at it; and she told that some long dead "Madam Corbett," had

wanted it, and couldn't get it, and "shouldn't have it now," she generally most amiably added. She had displayed her beautifully painted kid fan, "Queen Easter, you see, I wouldn't show it to you if it want a Scripter piece." I think the old lady felt that without this announcement some exception might be taken to some of the ladies toilets, but I hardly remember enough about it to judge whether any unfavorable criticism about it would be just or not. Salem merchants had been condemned in a body, for not giving her a pension, "because my husband was the first man that ever went to Sumatra; he showed them all what to do when they got there, and what to do when they got back, and they ought to pay me for it."

She certainly had taken it out in *peppering* several generations of Salem for their failure to do what she considered right in her case, as the destitute relict of the departed "Cairns," who hung in dim, not to say grim, portraiture upon the wall, and ever and anon was appealed to and apostrophised during her discourse. All this I had heard over and over again, when all at once she seemed to wander farther and farther back. "My father was a great man in his day, William Vance, Nell; he knew John Hancock, that made such a stir in war time, had thug's his own way and everybody talked about him. He used to come down to Salem, when I was a little girl to see my father: they had dealings together, 'twas long before the war. I remember the day he came, and though he always made a great pet of me, I wouldn't speak to him," and she gave a sort of low cackle, which finished itself in an utterance between a choke and a cry; it was meant for a laugh. "My father tried hard to get a word out of me; at last he walked to the window, and Mr. Hancock and he whispered together, and my father said, 'Becky, there goes Joe Orne,' and Mr. Hancock panted at me and said, 'Oh, he's your sweetheart Becky.'" Here the wizened bent little figure sprang to her feet and made a sort of plunge, and seemingly addressing a veritable present John Hancock, cried out, "That's a lie Mr. Hancock, and you know it." "Then," said she, "they both laughed out, and said, 'Well! we've made you speak, Becky Vance! and that was all we wanted!'" When she had told this, she sat down again, and all the old crone, whine and all, came back, but I never doubted that the story was true, so really and vividly did she tell it. And when I used to see her straying by the hour in the dismal garden, full of tangled milk weed, sparse asparagus shoots, long rank grass, playing all sorts of antics, and sometimes rushing out to frighten, or avenge herself upon tormenting boys or mischievous girls, I would ask myself, is this she that once used such language to the gentleman in the big chair in the picture of the Declaration of Independence? The one with the biggest white wig, the grandest clothes, and the largest knee and shoe buckles? Oh, Time! oh, Change!

COUNTY ITEMS.

There was a young damsel at Newburyport
Who thought spearing eels was a ladylike sport.
When her dory upset
She went home, dripping wet,
And hugged both her parents at Newburyport.

There was a young Preacher at Lynn
Who rejected "original sin."
He said "Let 'em have it."
"But I don't believe it."
Sporadic young preacher at Lynn!

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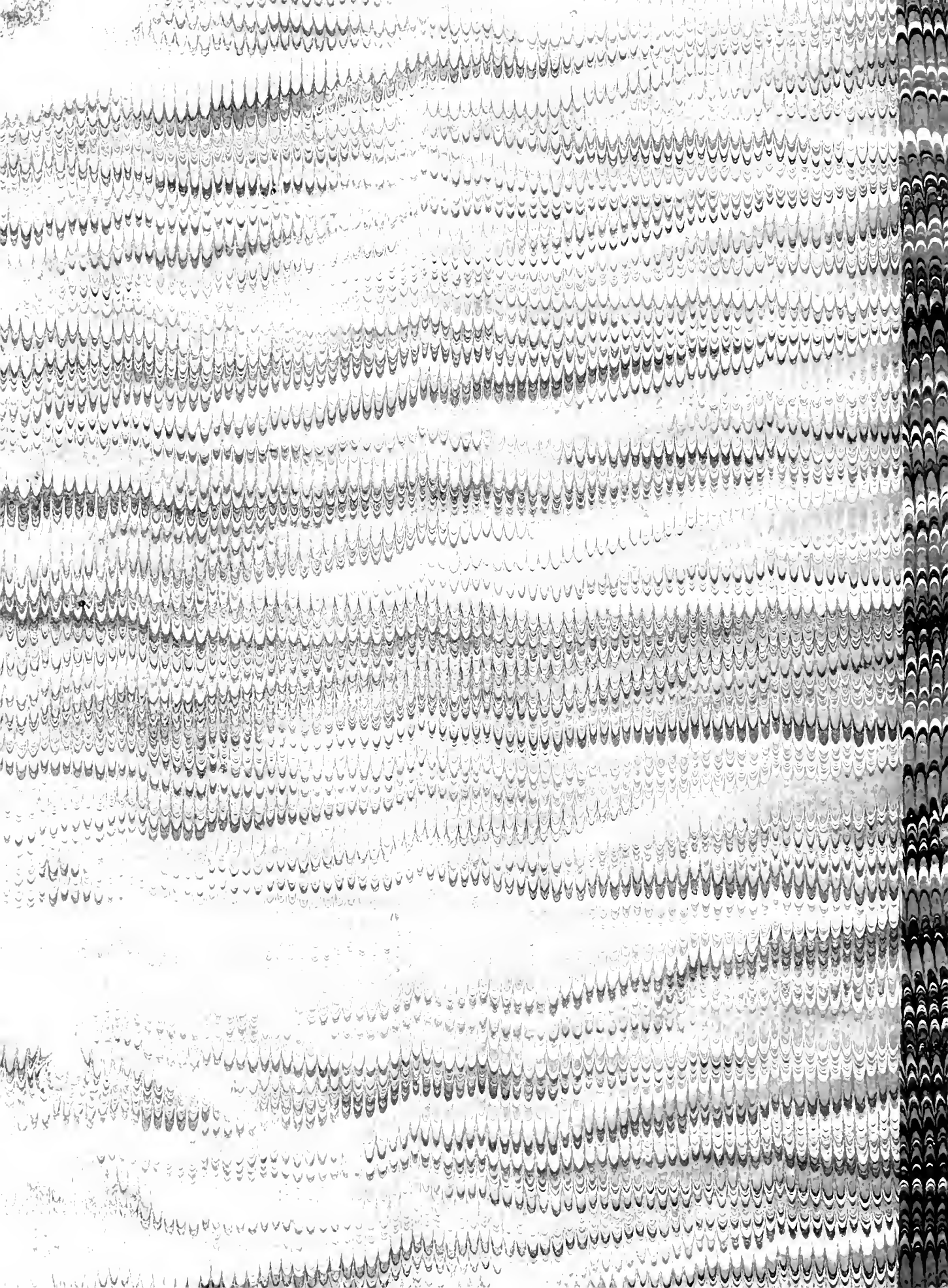
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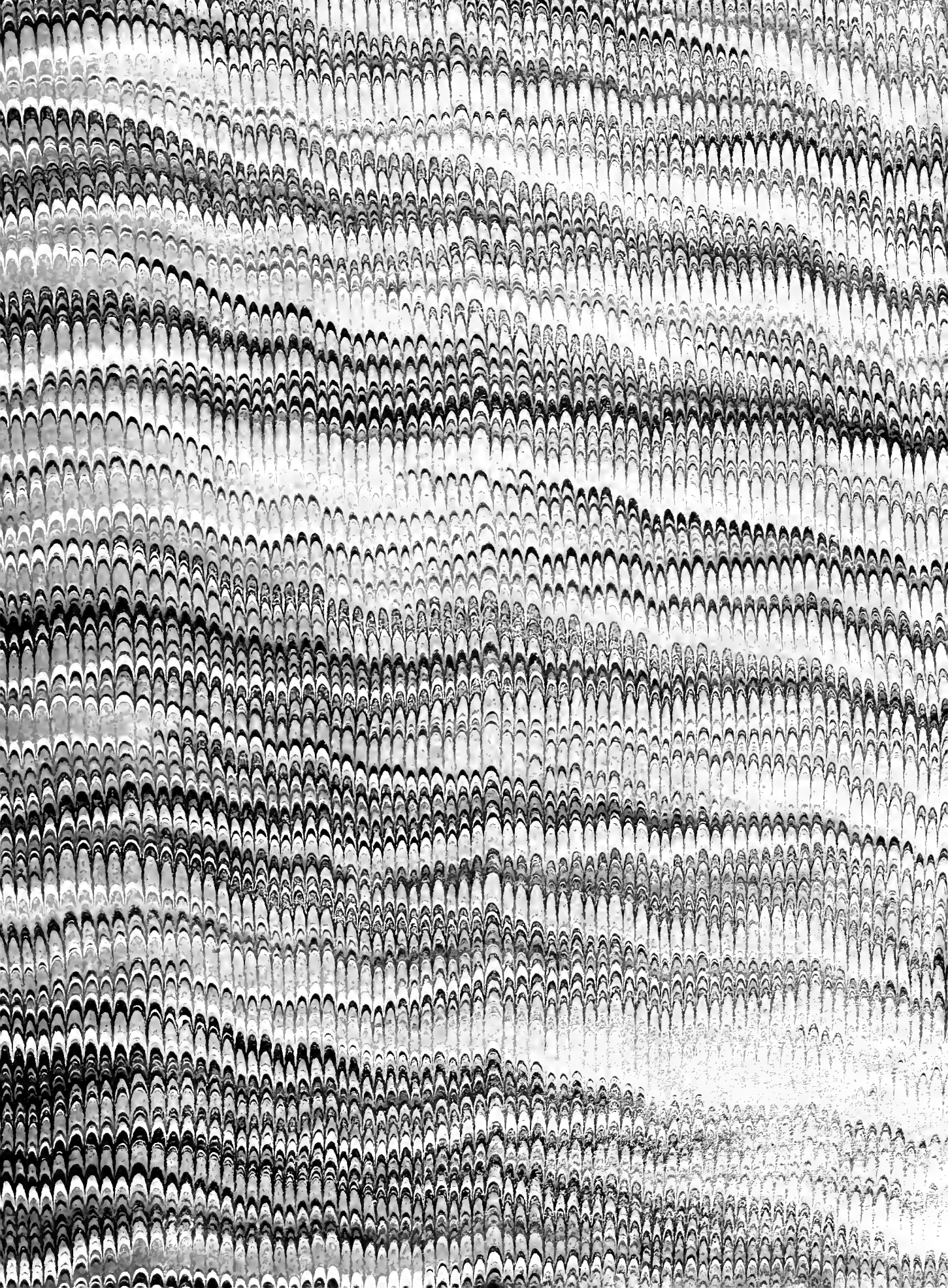
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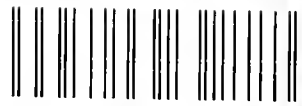
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